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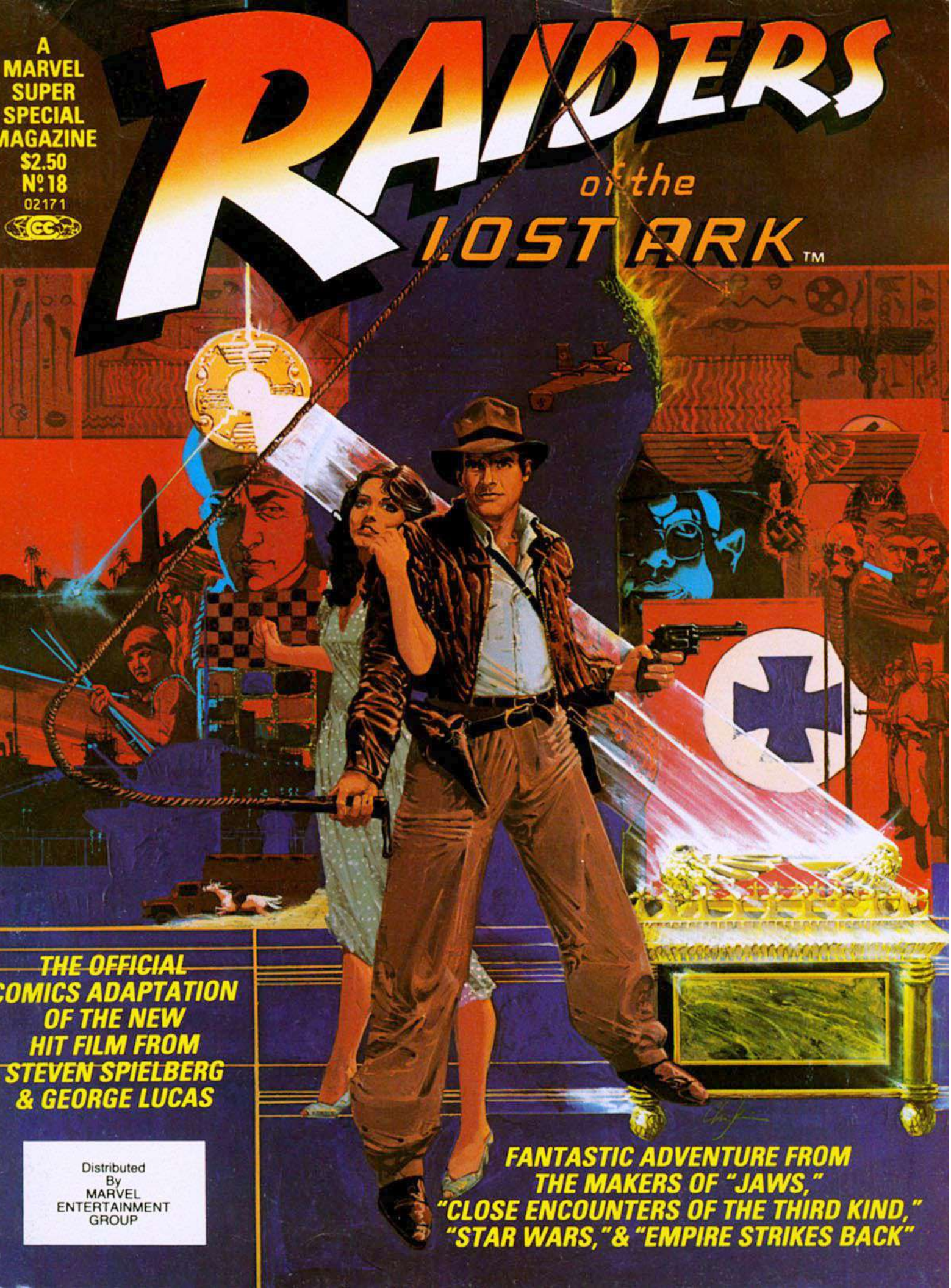

THE OFFICIAL COMICS ADAPTATION OF THE NEW HIT FILM FROM STEVEN SPIELBERG & GEORGE LUCAS

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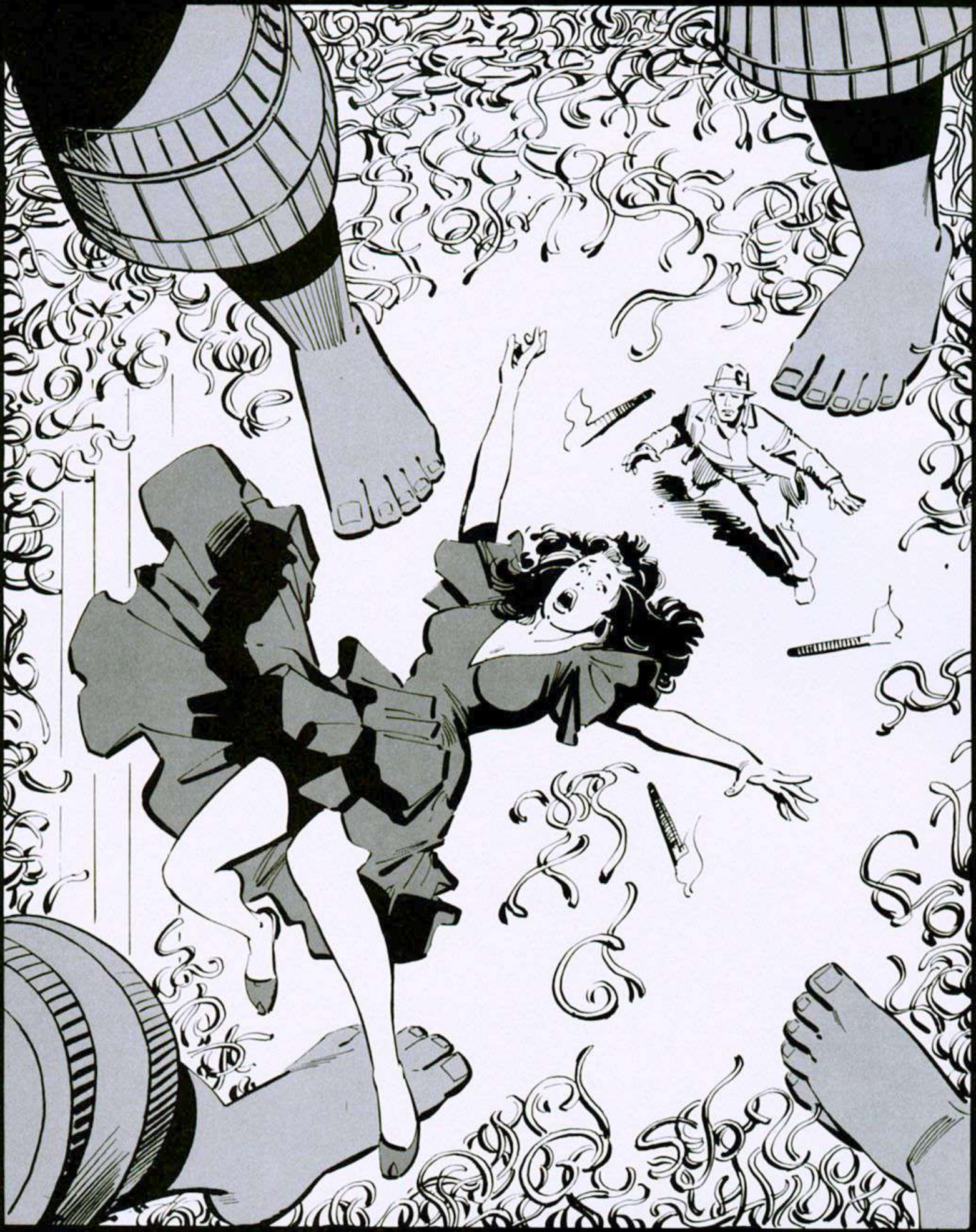
FANTASTIC ADVENTURE FROM THE MAKERS OF "JAWS," "CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND," "STAR WARS," & "EMPIRE STRIKES BACK"



STAN LEE PRESENTS

A MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL MAGAZINE

THE OFFICIAL COMICS ADAPTATION OF

RAIDERS of the LOST ARK™

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BASED ON THE FILM
STARRING
HARRISON FORD,
KAREN ALLEN, PAUL FREEMAN, DENHOLM ELLIOTT
JOHN RHYS-DAVIES, RONALD LACEY

DIRECTED BY STEVEN SPIELBERG PRODUCED BY FRANK MARSHALL
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A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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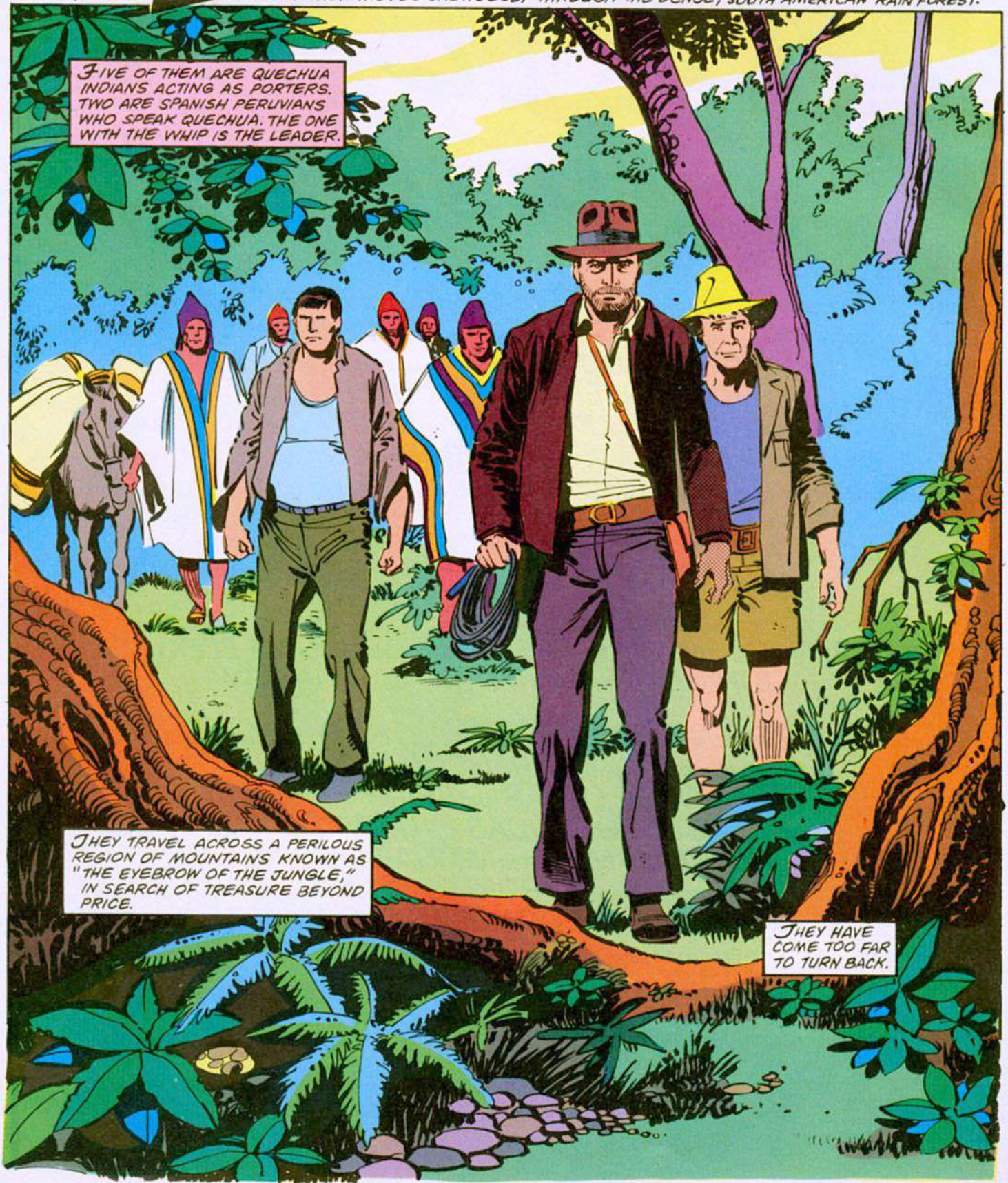
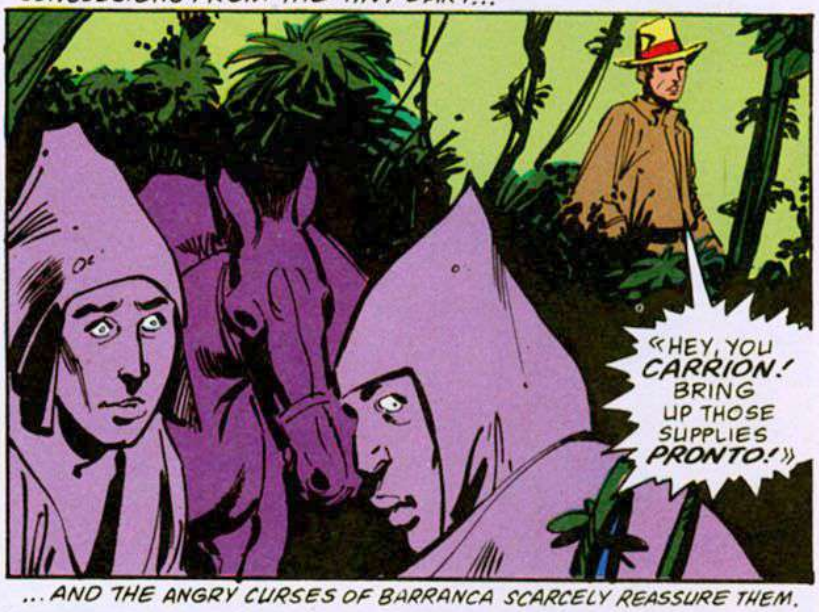
RAIDERS of the LOST ARK™

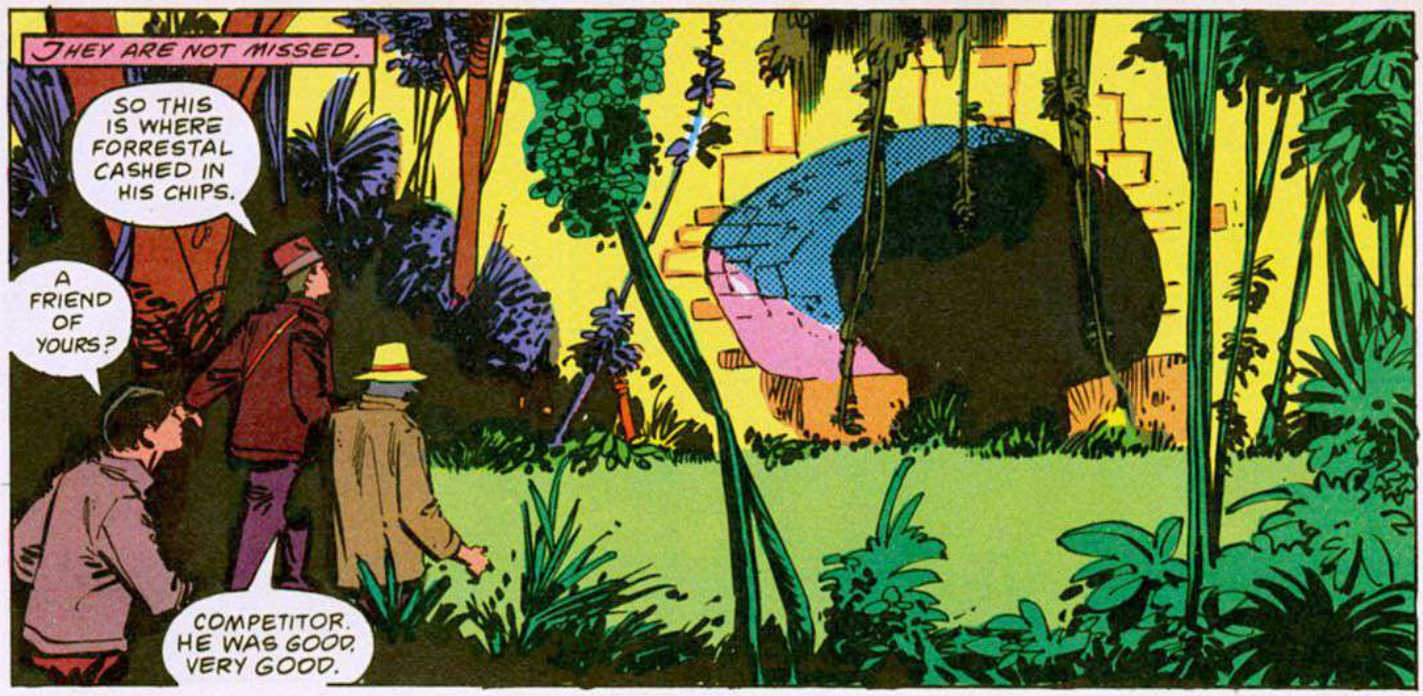


THEY FOLLOW THIS MAN-- INDIANA JONES, AN AMERICAN ADVENTURER, A TREASURE HUNTER, HUNTER, A SCHOLAR, AND MUCH MORE.
ONLY HIS IRON WILL HAS BROUGHT THEM THIS FAR...
...BUT EVEN ITS POWER HAS LIMITS.
WHAT IS IT, BARRANCA?
THE INDIANS, SATIPO. BLAST THEM! THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT THE CURSE AGAIN!
«BE SILENT, YOU FOOLS!»
BUT THE FEARFUL BABBLE OF THE QUECHUA SUDDENLY INCREASES AS...
WE'VE FOUND IT!
THE TEMPLE OF THE CHACHAPOYAN WARRIORS!
NOW WE'LL PUT THIS SO-CALLED CURSE TO A REAL TEST.
... WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT THE INDIANS ARE AFRAID OF.
THREE OF THEM SUDDENLY DECIDE TO LINGER NO MORE IN THE HAUNTED LANDS; THEIR SHRIEKS OF FEAR ARE QUICKLY SWALLOWED UP IN THE ENVELOPING JUNGLE.
HOLD IT.

BUT THE TWO REMAINING QUECHUAS DRAW THEIR OWN CONCLUSIONS FROM THE TINY DART...



... AND THE ANGRY CURSES OF BARRANCA SCARCELY REASSURE THEM.


THEY ARE NOT MISSED.
SO THIS IS WHERE FORRESTAL CASHED IN HIS CHIPS.
A FRIEND OF YOURS?
COMPETITOR. HE WAS GOOD. VERY GOOD.

NO ONE HAS EVER COME OUT OF THERE ALIVE. WHY SHOULD WE PUT OUR FAITH IN YOU?
NO ONE EVER HAD WHAT WE HAVE, DID THEY NOW... PARTNERS?

AS WE AGREED. HERE IS THE OTHER HALF OF THE MAP.
YOU CAN READ THE FLOORPLAN?

I SURE HOPE SO. ASSUMING THAT PILLAR THERE MARKS THE CORNER AND...

FUNNY. SATIPO LOOKS LIKE HE'S JUST SEEN A SNAKE.

MAYBE HE HAS.

THE WHIP IS A BLUR OF MOTION BEFORE BARRANCA CAN CLEAR HIS HOLSTER.

KRAK!

PIG! I SWEAR YOU'LL NOT LIVE TO SEE THE TREASURE!

AS BARRANCA REDOUBLES HIS FURIOUS EFFORTS TO FREE HIS PISTOL FROM THE WHIP'S COILS...

INDY SWEEPS THE WHIP IN AN ENCIRCLING ARC. AND SUDDENLY...

BLAM!

...BARRANCA DECIDES NO TREASURE IS WORTH THE WRATH HE SEES ON THE FACE OF THE MAN WHO HAS JUST DISARMED HIM.

I... I KNEW NOTHING. HE WAS CRAZY. PLEASE! WE ARE PARTNERS!

OKAY, PARTNER!

LET'S GO.

KEEP THAT TORCH UP, SATIPO.

AND MIND THE TARANTULAS.

ULP.

THE AIR IS STALE AS THE TWO MEN ENTER THE ANCIENT SHRINE. THE TORCH BARELY PIERCES THE ILLIMITABLE DARKNESS.

ONLY THE MUFFLED SOUND OF FOOTFALLS DISTURBS THE SILENCE.

AS THEY BEGIN TO PASS ARTIFACTS LODGED IN THE WALLS OF THE TEMPLE, INDY CULLS THEM EXPERTLY, SELECTING SOME, REJECTING OTHERS.

WAIT!
WHAT'S WRONG? ARE YOU LOST?

JUST CAUTIOUS.

SHRAKK!
OH.

FORRESTAL! HE MUST HAVE BROKEN THE BEAM AND TRIGGERED THE SPIKES.
PROBABLY HAPPENED SO FAST, HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM.

WE... WE CAN GO NO FURTHER.
NOW, SATIPO...

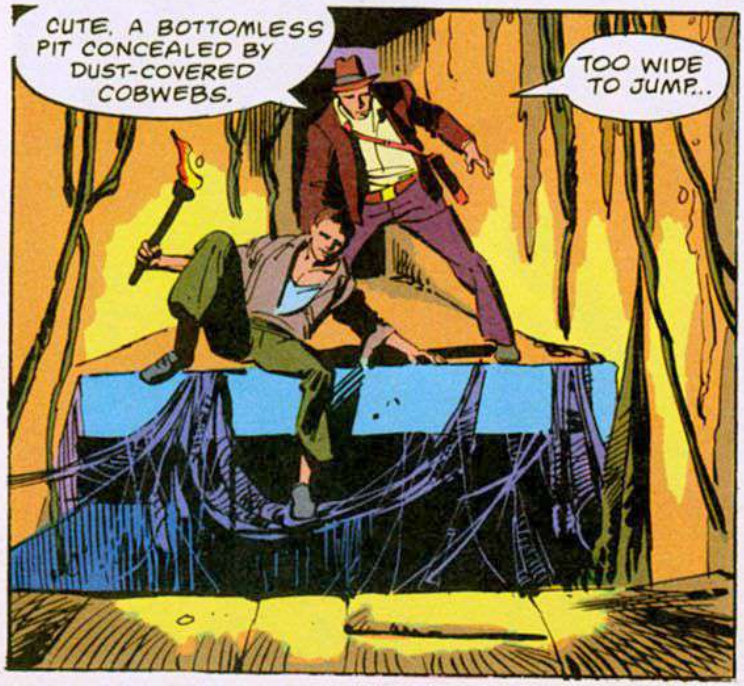
...WE DON'T WANT TO BE DISCOURAGED BY EVERY LITTLE THING.
JUST STAY OUT OF THE LIGHT...

...AND CONCENTRATE ON ALL THAT WEALTH.

SEÑOR, I THINK WE ARE NOW VERY CLOSE!

LET US HURRY! THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR HERE.
THAT'S WHAT SCARES ME.

ABRUPTLY...
MIND THE STEP!
UHHH...!

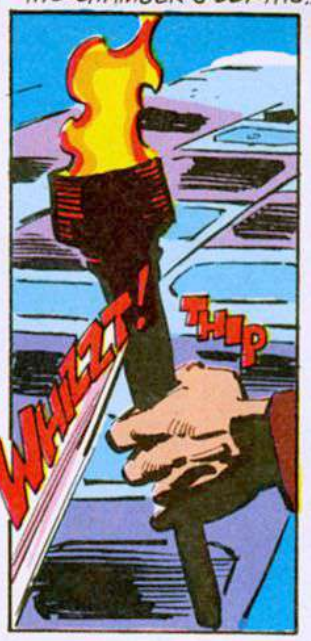

CUTE. A BOTTOMLESS PIT CONCEALED BY DUST-COVERED COBWEBS.
TOO WIDE TO JUMP...

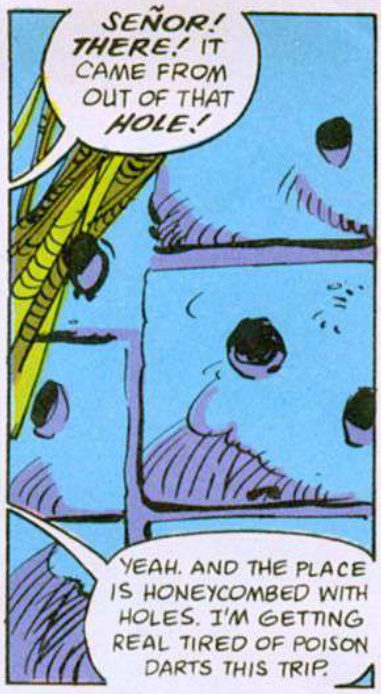
...BUT HARDLY IMPASSABLE.

AND THE GLINT AT THE FAR END OF THE SANCTUARY, STILL BRIGHT THROUGH THE DUST OF CENTURIES, TELLS SATIPO THAT INDY IS RIGHT.

THE TEMPLE'S HEART. WE'VE FOUND IT.

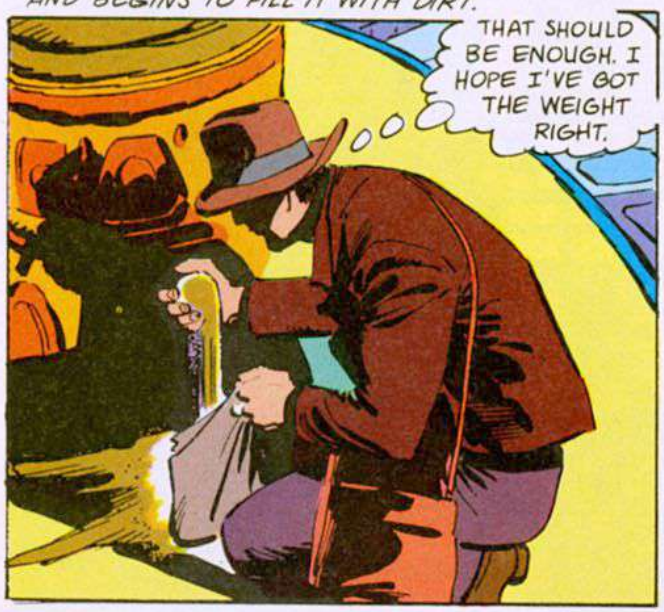
WHY... WHY DO YOU WASTE TIME TAPPING THE FLOOR? THE GOLDEN IDOL IS OURS FOR THE TAKING.
PATIENCE, PARTNER. IT'S WHAT YOU DON'T SEE THAT CAN KILL YOU.
TAP TAP TAP
LIGHT TILES ARE OKAY, LET'S TRY DARK.


SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE CHAMBER'S DEPTHS...
WHIZZT!
THUP


SEÑOR! THERE! IT CAME FROM OUT OF THAT HOLE!
YEAH. AND THE PLACE IS HONEYCOMBED WITH HOLES. I'M GETTING REAL TIRED OF POISON DARTS THIS TRIP.

YOU WAIT HERE.
IF YOU INSIST.
DON'T WORRY, SATIPO. IF I CHECK OUT, YOU CAN ALWAYS COLLECT MY INSURANCE.

HIS MOVEMENTS GRACEFUL AND WITHOUT HASTE, INDY GLIDES ACROSS THE SANCTUARY, ALWAYS AVOIDING THE DARK TILES...
... UNTIL AT LAST, HE STANDS BEFORE THE IDOL, ITS GOLDEN LIGHT REFLECTED BY THE STONE PEDESTAL BELOW.

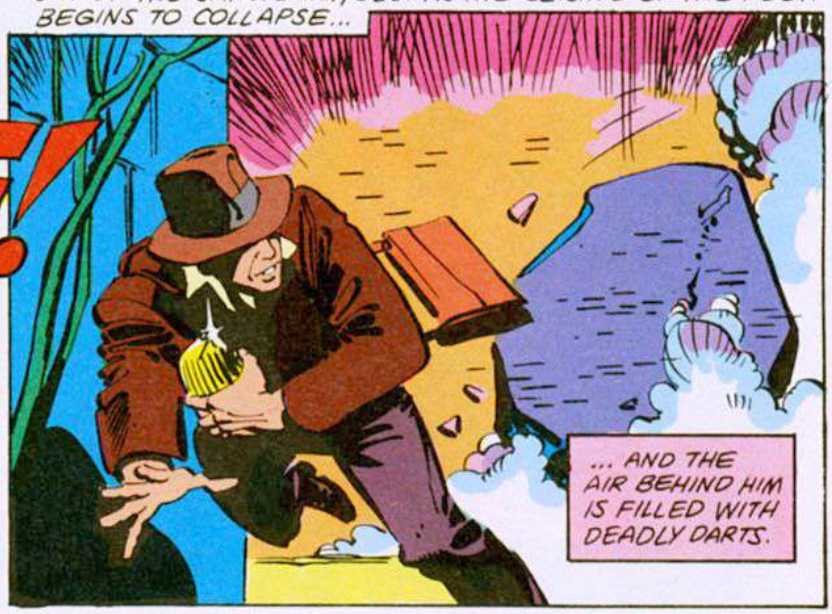

BUT INSTEAD OF REMOVING THE IDOL, INDY TAKES A SMALL CANVAS BAG FROM HIS JACKET AND BEGINS TO FILL IT WITH DIRT.
THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH. I HOPE I'VE GOT THE WEIGHT RIGHT.

GOTTA STAY LOOSE... RELAXED...
READY... SET... GO!
IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, THE IDOL RESTS IN INDY'S HAND, THE BAG OF DIRT ON THE POLISHED STONE BEFORE HIM.

FOR A LONG MOMENT, ALL IS SILENCE...
... A SILENCE BROKEN BY A RUMBLE THAT SHAKES THE ENTIRE TEMPLE TO ITS FOUNDATIONS AS THE PEDESTAL BENEATH THE DIRT-FILLED BAG DROPS FIVE INCHES!
BAD GUESS.

ALMOST WITHOUT THOUGHT, INDY IS ACROSS THE ROOM, STILL AVOIDING THE DEADLY DARK TILES.
GET OUT OF HERE, SATIPO!

BUT THE PERUVIAN NEEDS NO SUCH URGING.
AIEEE!

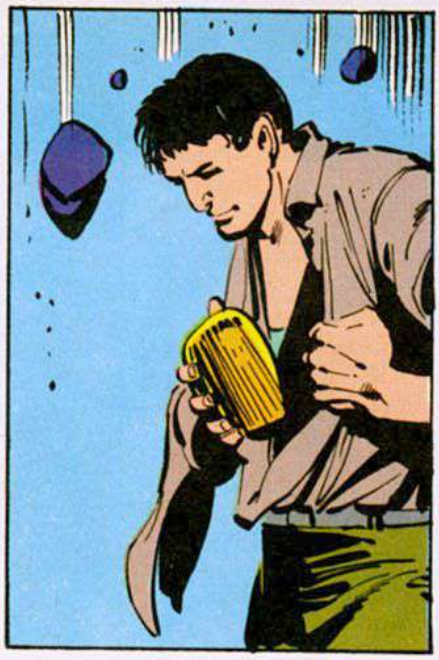

HE HAS ALREADY FLED BY THE TIME INDY HURLS HIMSELF OUT OF THE SANCTUARY, JUST AS THE CEILING OF THE ROOM BEGINS TO COLLAPSE...
... AND THE AIR BEHIND HIM IS FILLED WITH DEADLY DARTS.

SATIPO, HOWEVER IS NOT FAR AHEAD...
...JUST FAR ENOUGH.

NO TIME TO ARGUE! THROW ME THE IDOL! I THROW YOU THE WHIP!
UH-OH.

YOU HAVE NO CHOICE! HURRY!

AND INDY KNOWS THAT SATIPO HAS A POINT.


HE REALLY HAS NO CHOICE.

... NO CHOICE AT ALL!
ADIOS, AMIGO.

HE STILL HASN'T.

MOVING BACK TO GIVE HIMSELF A START, INDY TURNS...

... THEN RUNS TOWARD THE EDGE, FLINGING HIMSELF ACROSS THE GAPING CHASM BELOW!

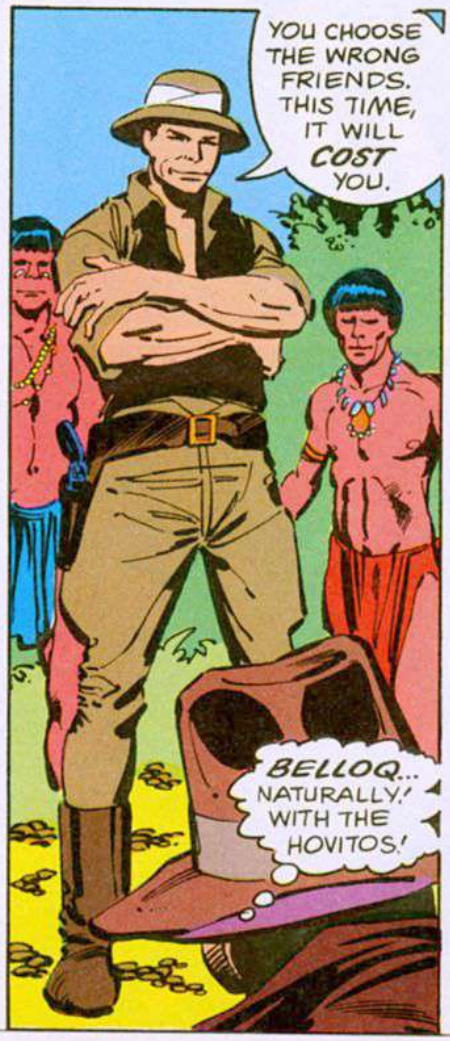
... ALL THE TIME HEARING THE ECHO OF HIS EARLIER REMARK...

... THAT THE PIT IS TOO WIDE TO JUMP.

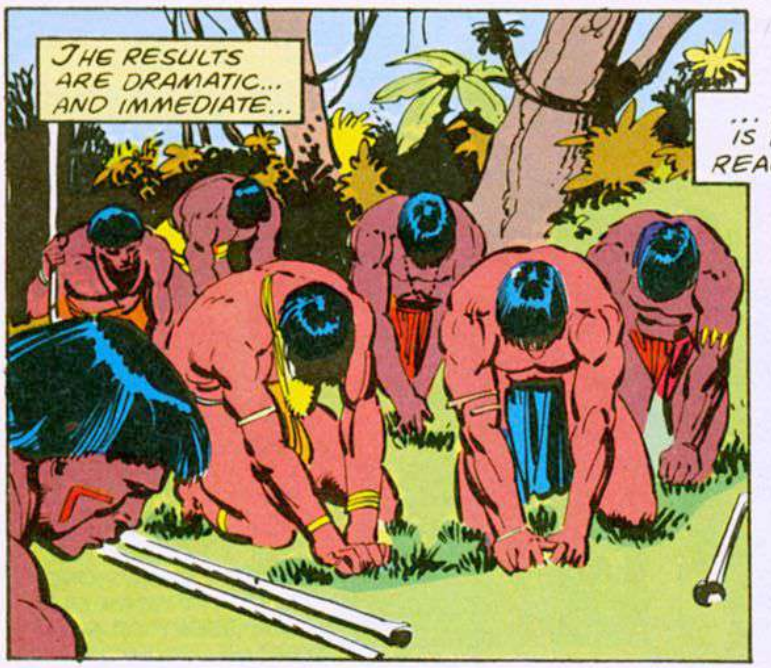
THE FACT THAT HE WAS RIGHT IS COLD COMFORT.
I'M SLIPPING! IF I DON'T FIND A FINGERHOLD FAST...!

GOT ONE! WHEN I CATCH SATIPO, HE'S GONNA REGRET HE EVER--
YAAARRGGH!
HOLY...
THAT CAME FROM THE CHAMBER OF LIGHT WHERE WE FOUND FORRESTAL.
EASY NOW. GOT TO STAY OUT OF THE LIGHT BEAM.
LOOKS LIKE THE GOOD GUYS WIN AFTER ALL, EH, SATIPO?
ADIOS, 'PARTNER'
THE TEMPLE'S STILL SHAKING. AND THE NOISE IS GETTING LOUDER.
SOMETHING TELLS ME THE DIRTY TRICKS AREN'T OVER YET.
BOOMBLAMBOOM!
AND HERE COMES THE NEXT ONE! SOUNDS LIKE THE SHAKING OF THE TEMPLE RELEASED SOMETHING... SOMETHING BIG!
MOVE IT, INDY! MOVE IT!

THE HUGE STONE **SMASHES** INTO THE TEMPLE'S ENTRANCE, SEALING IT FOREVER... WITH INDY ON THE OUTSIDE, WINDED BUT SAFE...



ENOUGH! THE HOVITOS WILL LEAVE YOU FOR THE SNAKES INSTEAD OF GRANTING YOU A CLEAN DEATH, IF I WISH IT.
TOO BAD YOUR FRIENDS DON'T KNOW YOU LIKE I DO.
YOU SEE. I KNOW EVEN YOUR SECRET FEAR.
YES. TOO BAD. YOU COULD WARN THEM... IF ONLY YOU SPOKE HOVITOS.
WITH THAT, BELLOQ TURNS TO THE INDIANS, RAISES THE IDOL BEFORE THEIR ASTONISHED EYES, AND SPEAKS IN THEIR TONGUE.


THE RESULTS ARE DRAMATIC... AND IMMEDIATE...

... AS IS INDY'S REACTION!
LIKE THEY SAY, BELLOQ, HE WHO TURNS AND RUNS AWAY...

GETS SHOT IN THE BACK?
«KILL HIM!»

WHITT!
WHITT!
WHITT!
... BUT THEY HAVE NO MORE SUCCESS BRINGING INDY DOWN THAN DID THE SNARES OF THE CHACHA-POYAN TEMPLE.

THE POISON OF THE HOVITOS' DARTS IS FRESH AND DEADLY, THE WARRIORS MARKSMEN OF RENOWN...
THE MAN IS A SURVIVOR...

... AS HIS PRESENCE SOME DAYS LATER IN HIS CLASSROOM AT A STATESIDE UNIVERSITY DEMONSTRATES.
... BUT I HAD IT, MARCUS. AND I'LL GET IT, AGAIN. MARRAKESH IS THE ONLY PLACE BELLOQ CAN SELL THE IDOL.
ALL I'M ASKING IS THE PRICE OF A TICKET THERE AND BACK.
IT'LL KEEP, OLD BOY. WE'VE SOME PEOPLE HERE TO SEE YOU.
ARMY INTELLIGENCE, AND INDY... I THINK IT'S BIG. REALLY BIG.
WELL, IF IT'S THE DRAFT BOARD, I'VE ALREADY SERVED.
GOOD AFTERNOON, DR. JONES, I'M COLONEL MUSGROVE. THIS IS MAJOR EATON.
WE WON'T WASTE WORDS, SIR. WE'VE EXAMINED YOUR BACKGROUND. IMPRESSIVE. DOCTOR OF ARCHEOLOGY, EXPERT ON THE OCCULT, AND-- HOW DOES ONE SAY IT--?
AN OBTAINER OF RARE ANTIQUITIES?
THAT'S ONE WAY TO SAY IT.
A MAN OF MANY TALENTS.
YOU STUDIED UNDER DR. ABNER RAVENWOOD AT CHICAGO. DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS NOW?
SOMEWHERE IN ASIA, LAST I HEARD. WE WERE FRIENDS ONCE. IT... DIDN'T WORK OUT, I'M SORRY TO SAY.
I SEE.
YOU UNDERSTAND, DR. JONES, THIS IS ALL STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.
NATURALLY.
WE NEED YOUR HELP.
FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE NAZIS HAVE BEEN SENDING ARCHEOLOGICAL TEAMS AROUND THE WORLD...
...SEARCHING OUT ALL KINDS OF RELIGIOUS ARTIFACTS, AND HITLER IS RESPONSIBLE!
HE'S OBSESSED WITH THE OCCULT!
YESTERDAY, WE INTERCEPTED A GERMAN COMMUNIQUE TO BERLIN, APPARENTLY FROM AN ARCHEOLOGICAL DIG NEAR CAIRO.
WE KNOW IT'S IMPORTANT.
WE DON'T KNOW WHY.
WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT.
IT SAYS SIMPLY, "TANIS DEVELOPMENT PROCEEDING. ACQUIRE HEADPIECE STAFF OF RA, ABNER RAVENWOOD, U.S.A."

TANIS! MARCUS, THE NAZIS HAVE FOUND TANIS!
IS IT POSSIBLE?
THEY HAVE GOT THE EXPERTS, AND THE FINANCIAL BACKING.
BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

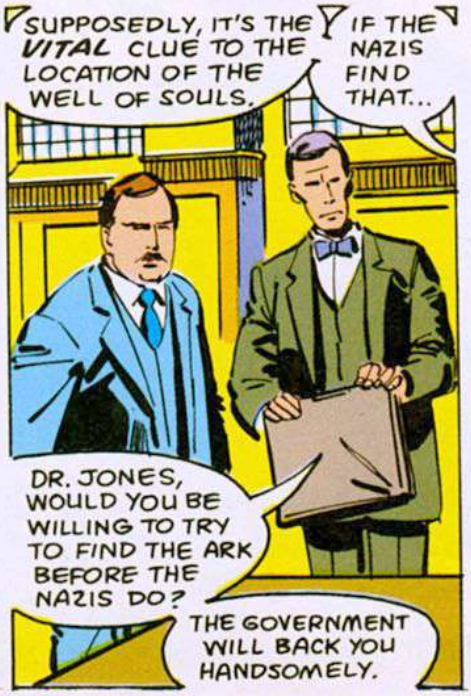
IT MEANS THE NAZIS MAY BE ABOUT TO LOCATE THE LOST ARK.
THE WHAT?
THE ARK OF THE COVENANT...
...THE CHEST CONTAINING THE FRAGMENTS OF THE STONE TABLETS OF MOSES...

...THE ORIGINAL TEN COMMANDMENTS, IF YOU BELIEVE SUCH THINGS.
DO YOU?
MAYBE. THE HEBREWS PLACED THE ARK IN THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON IN JERUSALEM, BUT EVENTUALLY IT DISAPPEARED.
IT'S SAID THE ARK WAS CAPTURED BY THE PHAROAH SHISHAK IN 980 B.C. AND TAKEN TO THE CITY OF TANIS IN EGYPT...

...TO BE HIDDEN THERE IN A SECRET CHAMBER, THE WELL OF SOULS.
NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, THE CITY WAS CONSUMED BY THE DESERT IN A YEARLONG SANDSTORM.
THE... UH... WRATH OF GOD.
POSSIBLY. THE ARK WAS AN OBJECT OF POWER...

...AS THIS ANCIENT PICTURE SCROLL SUGGESTS,
THOSE ARE THE ISRAELITES DESTROYING THEIR FOES WITH THE AID OF THE ARK.
GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO BE COMING OUT OF THERE?
WHO KNOWS? LIGHTNING... FIRE... THE WRATH OF GOD, I BELIEVE YOU SAID.

BUT HITLER'S INTEREST, GENTLEMEN, MAY BE PRAGMATIC. IT'S SAID THAT AN ARMY CARRYING THE ARK IS INVINCIBLE.
WHAT ABOUT RAVENWOOD?
TANIS WAS ABNER'S OBSESSION.
HE NEVER FOUND IT, BUT HE COLLECTED ITS RELICS. INCLUDING THE THE HEADPIECE OF THE STAFF OF RA.


SUPPOSEDLY, IT'S THE VITAL CLUE TO THE LOCATION OF THE WELL OF SOULS.
IF THE NAZIS FIND THAT...
DR. JONES, WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO TRY TO FIND THE ARK BEFORE THE NAZIS DO?
THE GOVERNMENT WILL BACK YOU HANDSOMELY.

AND THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM GETS THE ARK ONCE IT'S FOUND?
OF COURSE.
INDY?
FOR A PRIZE LIKE THE ARK? I'LL BE PACKED IN AN HOUR.

SOME DAYS LATER, IN THE "RAVEN" SALOON IN PATAN, NEPAL, A DRINKING CONTEST NEARS ITS END UNDER THE EYES OF AS TOUGH A COLLECTION OF RIFFRAFF AS CAN BE FOUND IN THE HIMALAYAS.
THAT'S FOURTEEN TO FOURTEEN, RED. CAN YOU TOP ME?
WATCH THIS.
THE BETTING IS FIERCE, THE COUNTER COVERED WITH MONEY, AS THE AUSTRALIAN DOWN HIS FIFTEENTH SHOT...
... BUT HIS BACKERS ARE OUT OF LUCK.
THUD!
NO STAMINA, EH, RED?
AND AS THE JOINT ROCKS WITH THE CHEERS OF THE WINNERS, MARION RAVENWOOD, THE SALOON'S SOLE PROPRIETOR...
... TOSSES DOWN HER FIFTEENTH SHOT AS THOUGH IT WERE HER FIRST!
ALL RIGHT, YOU NO-GOOD BUMS, GET OUT OF HERE. I'M SICK OF LOOKING AT YOUR UGLY MUGS!
WE'RE CLOSED!
THE LAUGHTER AND CHEERS FADE GRADUALLY UNTIL...
HEY! YOU DEAF?
I SAID OUT!
AND I MEAN NOW!
NOT NEXT EASTER!

HELLO, MARION.

INDY! HERE?

KRAK!

IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU, TOO.
NOT FOR LONG! GET UP AND GET OUT!
NOW TAKE IT EASY! I'M LOOKING FOR YOUR FATHER!

YOU'RE TWO YEARS TOO LATE.
OH, NO.
OH, YES. AVALANCHE. WHILE HE WAS DIGGING. WE NEVER FOUND HIM.

SO NOW... YOU RUN A SALOON.
DAD LEFT ME IN A BAD WAY! BROKE!
SO I WORKED HERE, MR. JONES! AND I WASN'T TENDING BAR!
THEN THE OWNER WENT SNOW CRAZY AND GAVE ME THE PLACE AS HE WAS DRAGGED AWAY SCREAMING!

HIS CURSE! IT WORKED. I'M STILL HERE.
I'VE LEARNED TO HATE YOU IN THE LAST TEN YEARS, INDY. BUT I KNEW, SOMEDAY, YOU'D COME THROUGH THAT DOOR.
AND I NEED TO KNOW...
...WHY ARE YOU HERE... NOW... TONIGHT ?

THE ANSWER IS A LONG TIME COMING.
I... I NEED ONE OF THE PIECES YOUR FATHER COLLECTED.

YOU LOUSY SON OF A... I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!
LOOK AROUND. LOOK AT ME! THIS IS YOUR HANDIWORK!
I NEVER MEANT TO HURT YOU, MARION.
I WAS TOO YOUNG! IT WAS WRONG AND YOU KNEW IT!
I CAN ONLY SAY I'M SORRY SO MANY TIMES. BUT MAYBE WE CAN DO EACH OTHER SOME GOOD FINALLY.
WHY START NOW?

JUST LISTEN TO ME. I'M LOOKING FOR A BRONZE DISC YOUR FATHER COLLECTED, SHAPED LIKE THE SUN. HAS A LITTLE HOLE OFF-CENTER WITH A CRYSTAL IN IT.
THE HEAD-PIECE TO THE STAFF OF RA.
AND MARION, I'VE GOT MONEY.
YOU DON'T LOOK RICH. HOW MUCH?

ENOUGH TO GET YOU BACK TO THE STATES. WHERE ARE HIS THINGS?
GONE, INDY. I SOLD THAT JUNK HE'D WASTED HIS LIFE ON AFTER HE DIED.
RUINED HIM... AND ME!
BUT MAYBE YOU KNOW WHERE SOME OF IT IS.
MAYBE. HOW IMPORTANT IS THAT DOODAD?

$5,000.
I AM IMPRESSED. BUT I'VE GOT TO THINK THIS OUT. I'M USED TO BARGAIN-ING WITH YAKS.
YOU'D BETTER COME BACK TOMORROW.

I STILL DON'T KNOW IF I CAN TRUST YOU. YOU SAID YOU'D COME BACK LAST TIME.
AND SO I HAVE.
YEAH. COME HERE.
BOSSY, AREN'T YOU?
THAT'S RIGHT. GIVE ME A KISS.

IT'S TIME I STARTED CALLING THE SHOTS IN THIS RELATION-SHIP.
AND LEAVE THE MONEY HERE.

YOU'RE STILL A SNOW LEOPARD.
ARE YOU COMPLAINING?
I NEVER DID. SEE YOU TOMORROW.

TOMORROW, INDY.
AND MAYBE I DO KNOW WHERE SOME OF IT IS.

$5,000!
ENOUGH TO GET BACK TO THE STATES, AND IN STYLE, BESIDES.

GOOD EVENING, FRAULEIN RAVEN-WOOD.
MY NAME IS TOHT.

THE BAR IS CLOSED.
WE ARE NOT THIRSTY.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
THE SAME THING YOUR FRIEND, DR. JONES, WANTED. SURELY HE TOLD YOU THERE WOULD BE OTHER INTERESTED PARTIES.

NO.
AH, THE MAN IS NEFARIOUS. I HOPE FOR YOUR SAKE HE HAS NOT YET ACQUIRED IT.

WHY, ARE YOU WILLING TO OFFER MORE?
ALMOST CERTAINLY. DO YOU STILL HAVE IT?
NO. BUT I KNOW WHERE IT IS.
WHY DONT YOU COME BACK TOMORROW WHEN JONES IS HERE, AND WE'LL HAVE AN AUCTION?

I'M AFRAID AN AUCTION WILL NOT BE POSSIBLE.
BUT I'M QUITE SURE YOU WILL BE HAPPY TO TELL US WHERE THE PIECE IS RIGHT NOW.

THE THIRD REICH WILL BE VERY GRATEFUL.
LISTEN, HERR MAC, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE USED TO DEALING WITH, BUT NOBODY TELLS ME WHAT TO DO IN MY OWN PLACE.
AND TELL YOUR MONKEY TO GET OFF MY BACK.

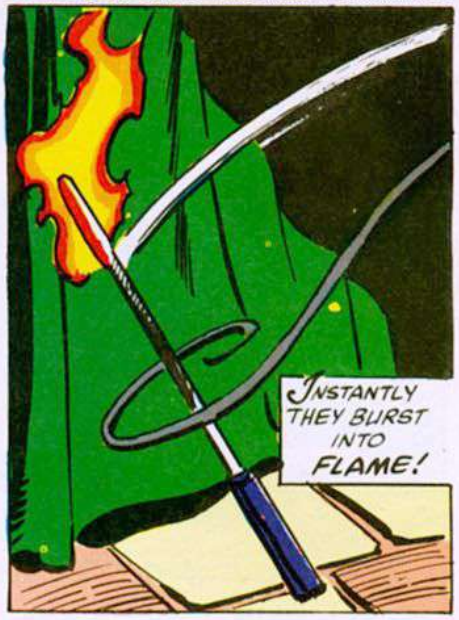
AMERICANS! YOU ARE ALL ALIKE, FRAULEIN.
AND YOUR FIRE IS DYING.
I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT I'M USED TO.

WAIT! I CAN BE REASONABLE!
THAT TIME HAS PASSED.

YOU DON'T NEED THAT!
I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!
I'M SURE YOU WILL...
...EVENTUALLY!

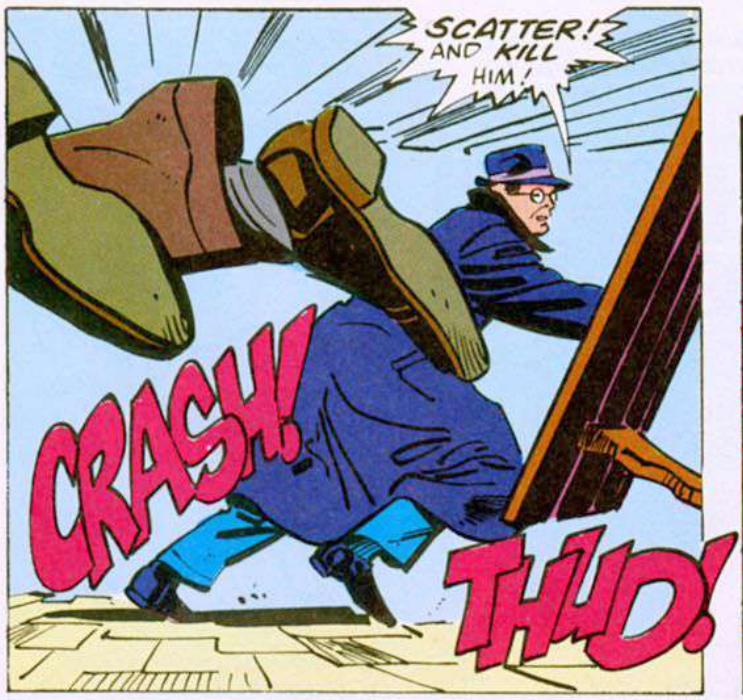
MAYBE THE LADY DOESN'T WANT TO TALK TO JUST ANYBODY.
WHA--?
SHRATTK!

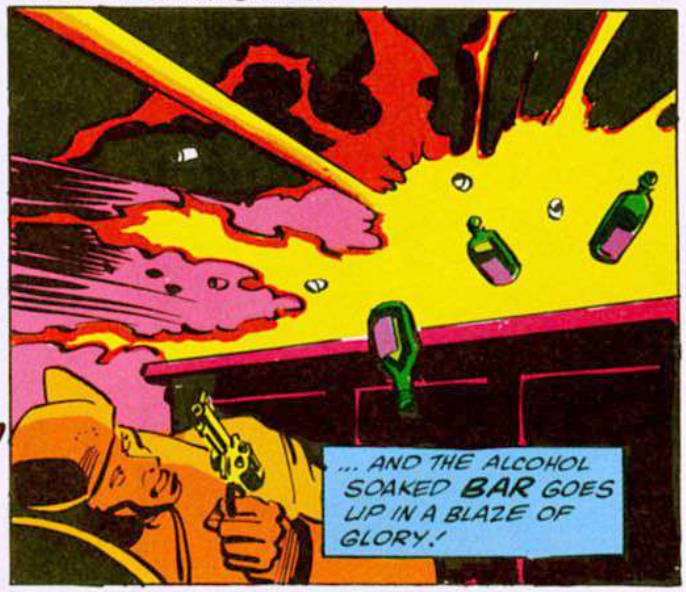
THE POKER...!

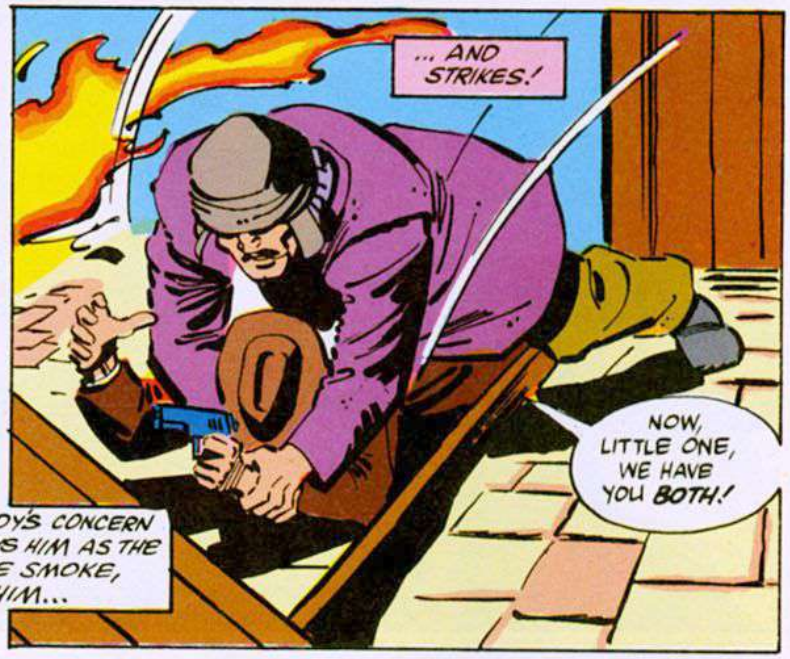

... FLIES THROUGH THE AIR AND LANDS AGAINST THE HEAVY CURTAINS!
INSTANTLY THEY BURST INTO FLAME!

HELLO, FOLKS. JUST A SOCIAL CALL.

NOW STEP AWAY FROM HER SLOWLY.


SCATTER! AND KILL HIM!
CRASH!
THUD!

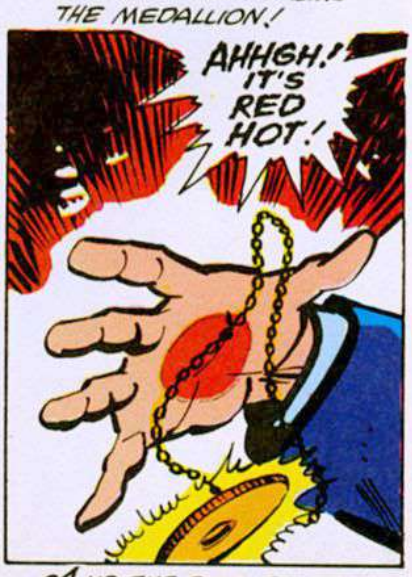

AS TABLES AND CHAIRS ARE HASTILY UPENDED FOR COVER, THE CEILING, SET AFIRE BY THE CURTAINS, BEGINS TO DROP BURNING FRAGMENTS INTO THE ROOM BELOW...
... AND THE ALCOHOL SOAKED BAR GOES UP IN A BLAZE OF GLORY!



UNFORTUNATELY, INDY'S CONCERN FOR THE LADY BETRAYS HIM AS THE GIANT, HIDDEN BY THE SMOKE, MOVES IN BEHIND HIM...

MEANWHILE, TOHT WORKS HIS WAY AROUND THE BAR TO OUTFLANK MARION. AS HE PEERS OVER THE EDGE THROUGH THE FLAMES, HE SEES...

THERE IS A SEARING SOUND AS TOHT PALMS THE MEDALLION!



AND THE DISC FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

SCHWEINHUND! SHOOT!
BUT OUR MAN IS BLOCKING JONES!
THEN KILL THEM BOTH!
BUDDA BUDDA! BUDDA!

JUMPIN'--!
HEY, LITTLE ONE. THIS FINE FIGHT BUT WE BOTH LOSE NOW!
VRING! VRING! VRING! VRING VRING!

MAYBE NOT! LOOSEN UP! HE'S WIDE OPEN!

NOOO-- AIEEE!
BANG!

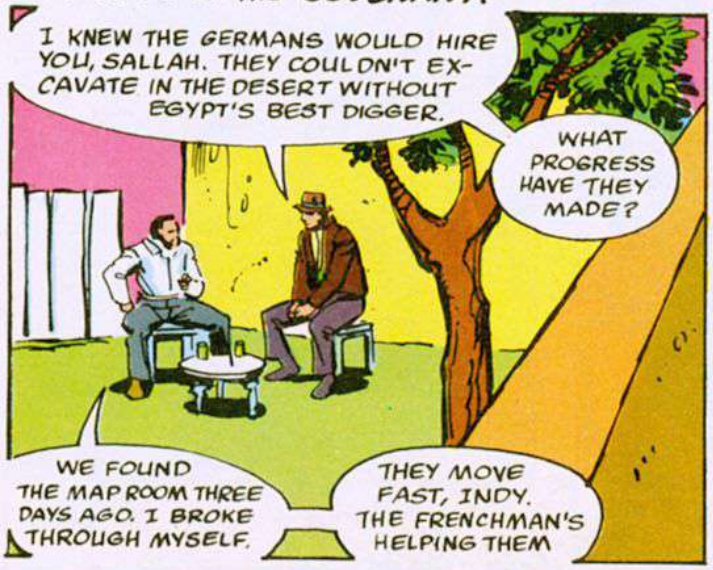
GOOD! I NOT LIKE HIM, ANYWAY! LET US FINISH!
HEY! I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS!

INDY, LOVE, MAYBE YOU JUST KEEP CHOOSING THE WRONG ONES!
KLONK!
THANKS! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YOU'RE RIGHT!

WE HAVE NOT FINISHED YET, JONES! I'LL STILL SEE YOU BOTH IN HELL!
ACH...! MY HAND!

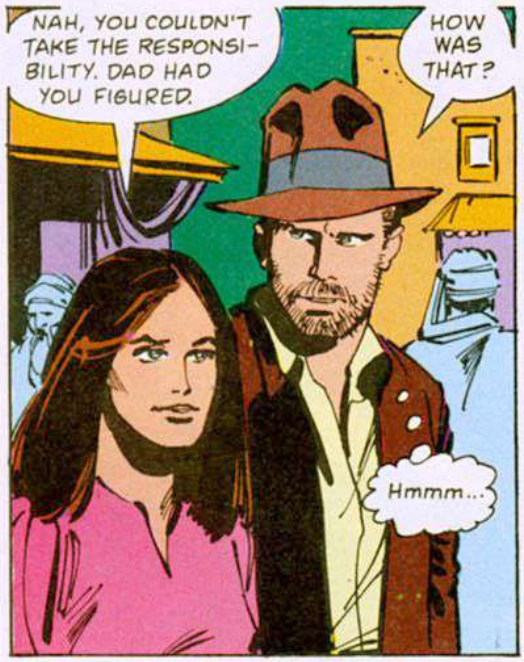
HEY, DON'T GO AWAY MAD...!
BANG!

CAIRO... A CITY OF ANCIENT MYSTERIES... AND A STAGING AREA FOR THE NAZI ARCHEOLOGICAL TEAMS THAT ARE UNCOVERING THE LOST CITY OF TANIS, SEARCHING FOR ITS GREATEST TREASURE -- THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.!



PERHAPS NOT. TOMORROW, HOWEVER, WE WILL GO SEE SOMEONE WHO MIGHT.
BUT INDY, SOMETHING TROUBLES ME.
WHAT IS IT, MY FRIEND?
IT IS THE ARK. IF IT IS THERE AT TANIS, IT IS NOT SOMETHING MAN WAS MEANT TO DISTURB. IT IS DEADLY, AND IT IS NOT OF THIS EARTH.
BEHIND THE TWO MEN, THE WIND RISES STEADILY INTO THE EVENING.

...YET, IN THE MORNING, THE SUN SHINES AS BRIGHTLY AS EVER, UNTROUBLED BY SUCH DISTANT PORTENTS, AS INDY AND MARION WALK THROUGH THE MARKETPLACES OF THE CITY.
I'M SURPRISED YOU HAVEN'T FOUND A NICE GIRL TO SETTLE DOWN WITH AND RAISE EIGHT KIDS.
WHO SAYS I HAVEN'T?


NAH, YOU COULDN'T TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY. DAD HAD YOU FIGURED.
HOW WAS THAT?
Hmmm...

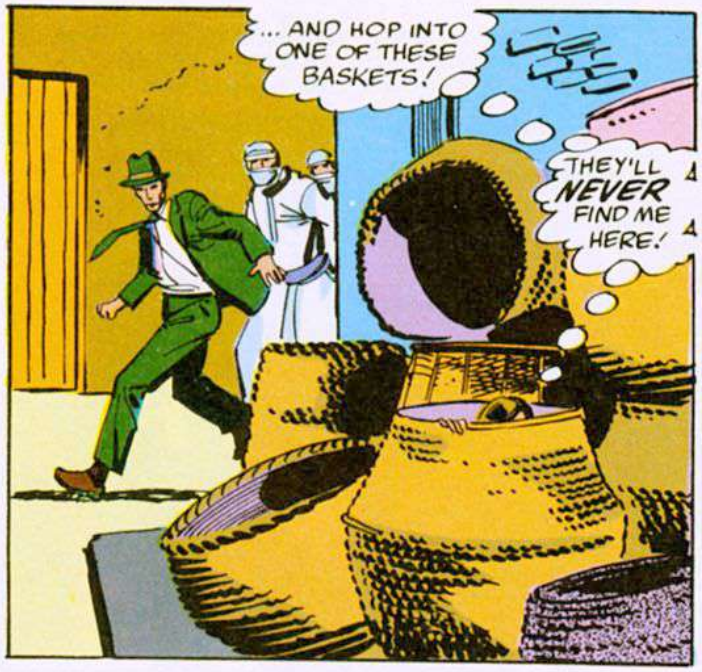
HE SAID YOU WERE A BUM...
... THE MOST GIFTED BUM HE EVER TRAINED. HE LOVED YOU. IT TOOK A LOT FOR YOU TO ALIENATE HIM.
NOT SO MUCH. JUST YOU.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE PICKED ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE.

THEN HERE'S MY CHANCE!
RUN, MARION! GET TO SALLAH'S! I'LL JOIN YOU LATER!
--BUT, INDY--!

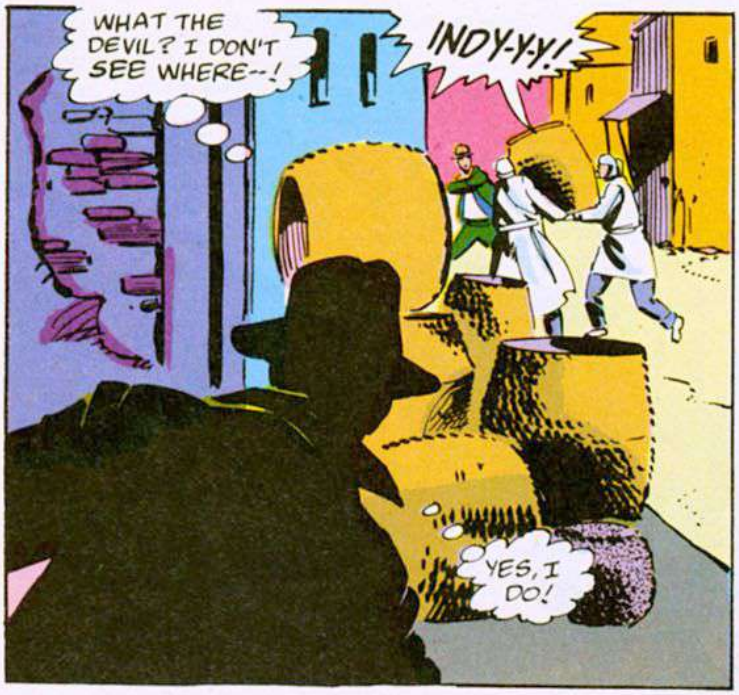
AARGH!
SKRACHT!

GET GOING, BLAST IT! I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO HOLD THESE GUYS OFF, FOREVER!
KRAK!
MAYBE I CAN STILL HELP!

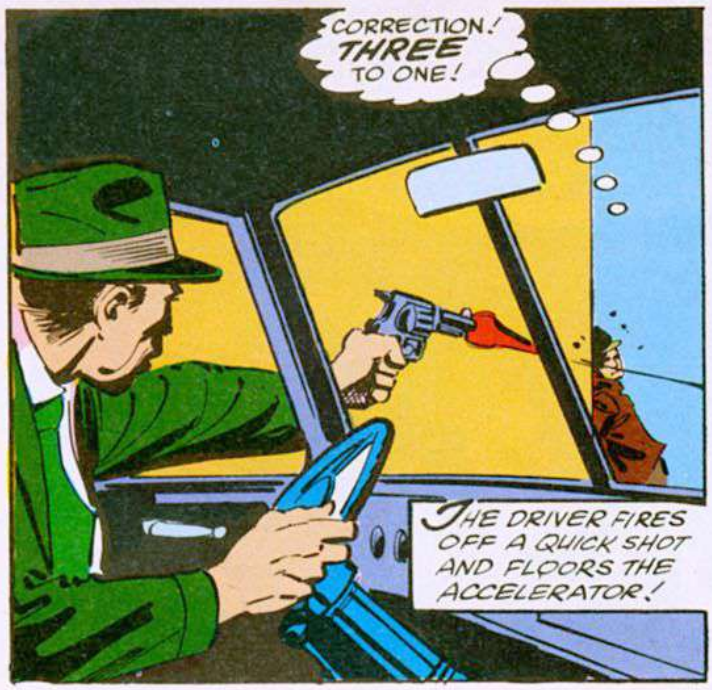
IT WORKED! I CAN HEAR THEM COMING THIS WAY!
IF SOME OF THESE CLOWNS FOLLOW ME, IT'LL GIVE INDY A FIGHTING CHANCE!

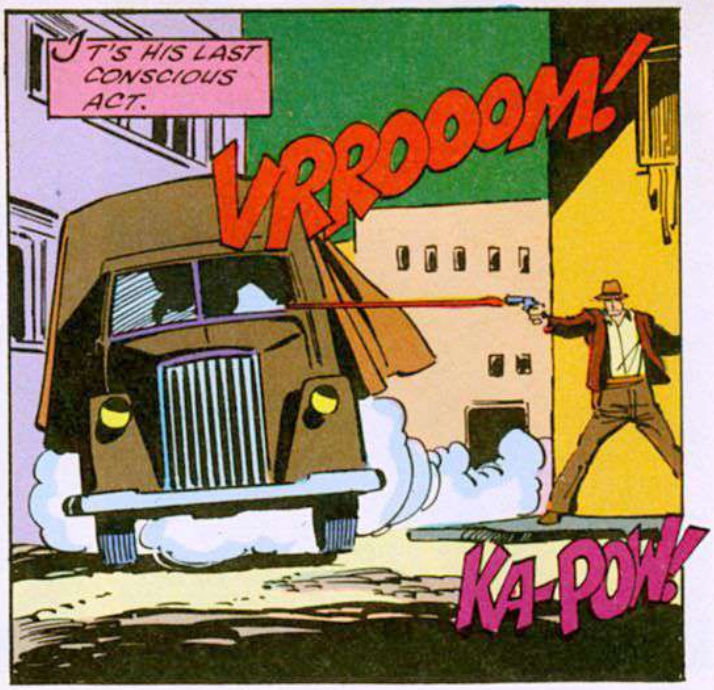

... AND HOP INTO ONE OF THESE BASKETS!
THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME HERE!

INDY-Y-Y-Y!
THAT'S ALL, BOYS!
MY MOTHER'S CALLING!

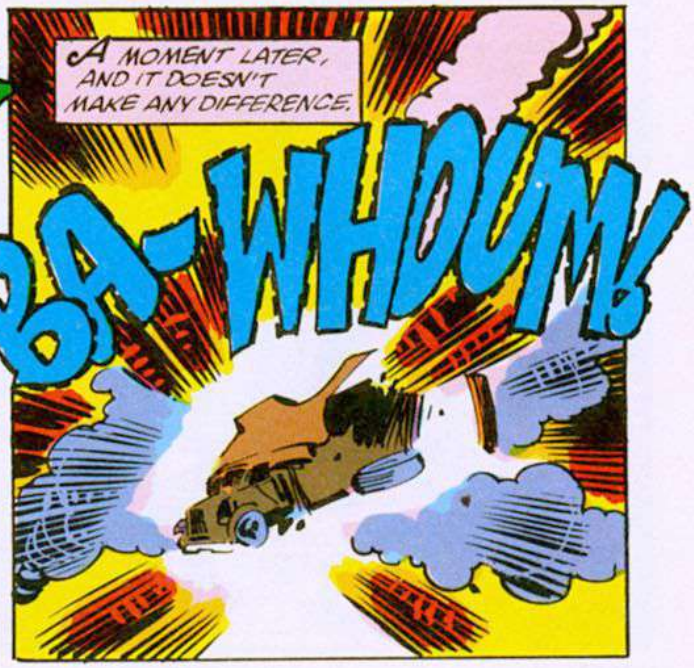

WHAT THE DEVIL? I DON'T SEE WHERE--!
INDY-Y-Y!
YES, I DO!

BUT IF I LOSE THEM AROUND ONE OF THESE CORNERS...!
AH! I'VE GOT THEM NOW! AND IT'S ONLY TWO TO ONE.

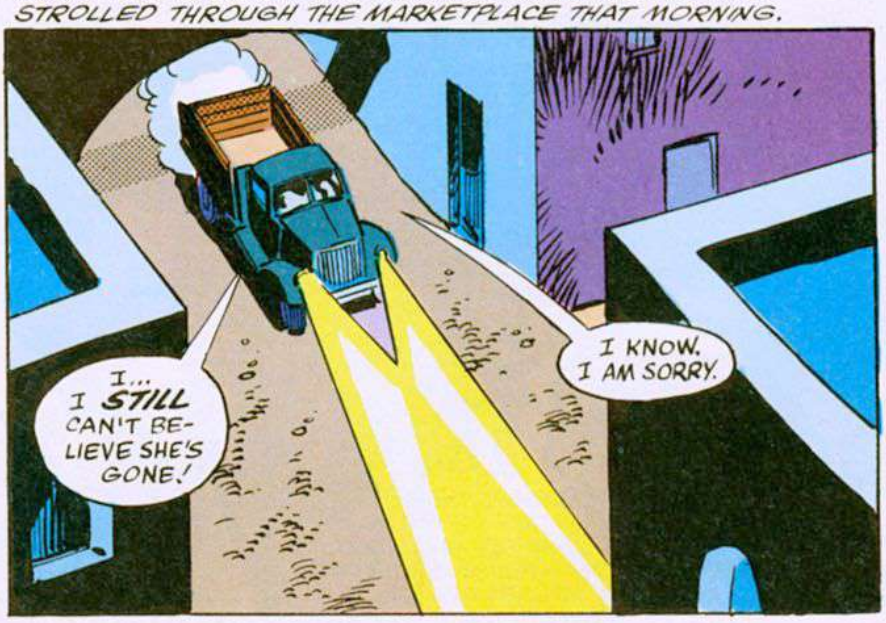


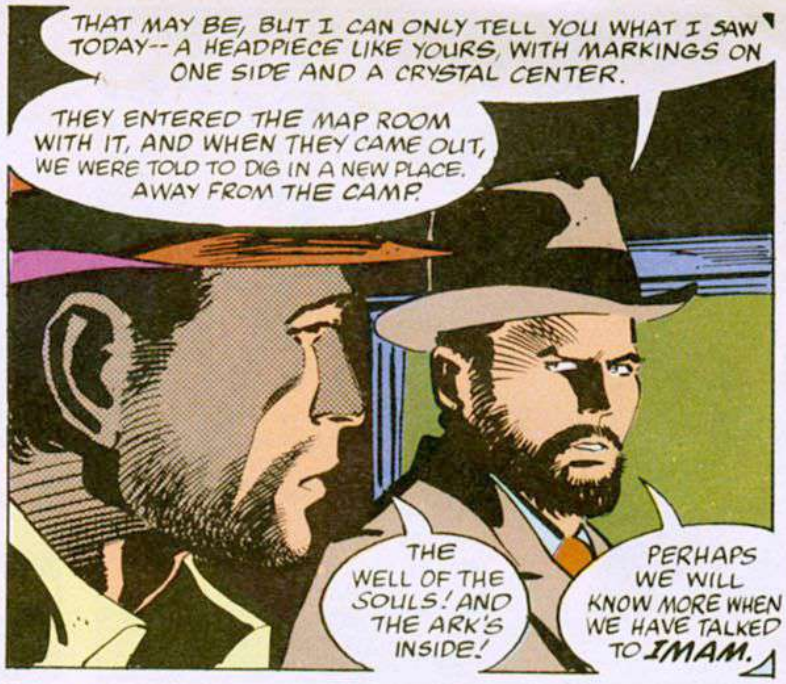


WHAT INDY CANNOT KNOW IS THAT THIS TRUCK IS CARRYING, AMONG OTHER THINGS, GERMAN MUNITIONS, FIREARMS, AND **DYNAMITE!**

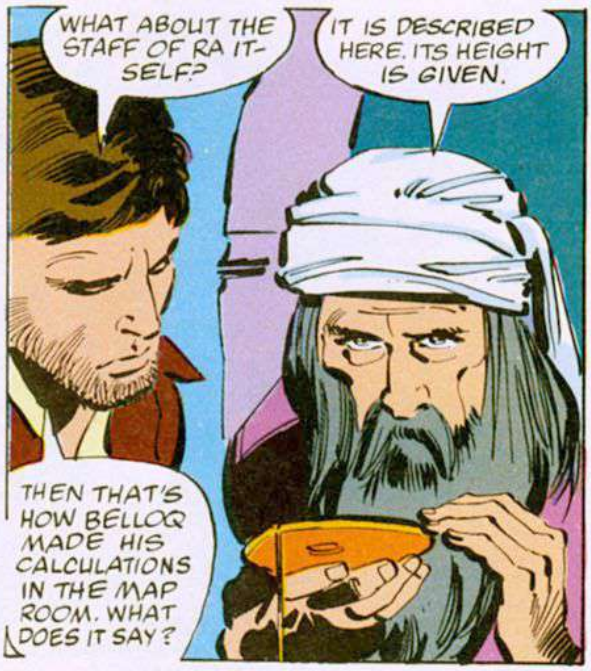


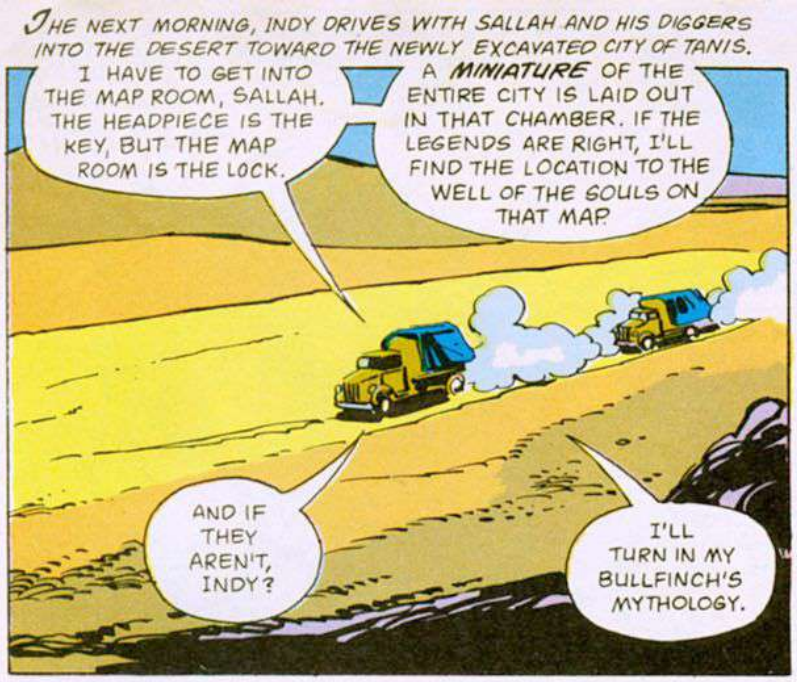
... AND THE INDY WHO RIDES QUIETLY BESIDE SALLAH LATER THAT NIGHT IS OLDER AND GRIMMER THAN THE ONE WHO STROLLED THROUGH THE MARKETPLACE THAT MORNING.



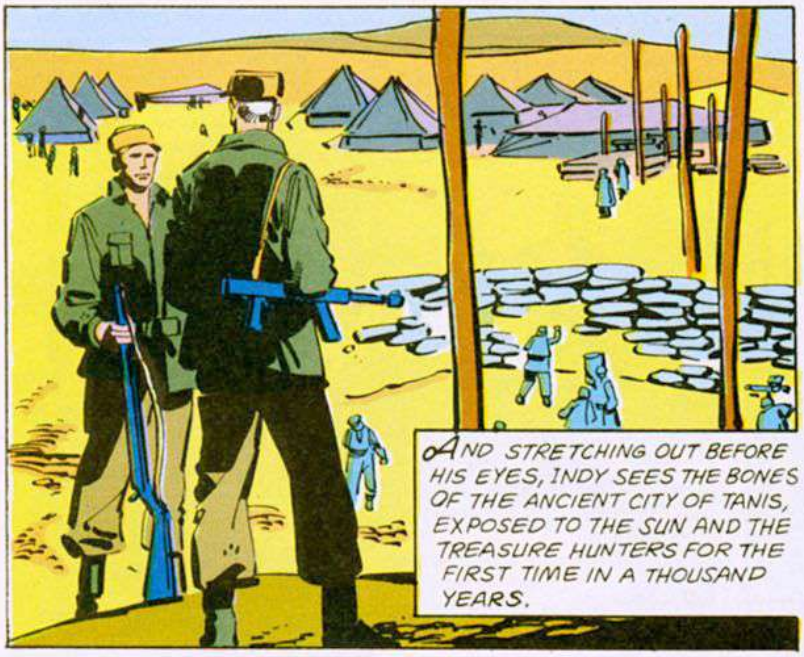


SHORTLY, IN THE HOUSE OF IMAM-- SCHOLAR, ASTRONOMER, PRIEST...




THE NEXT MORNING, INDY DRIVES WITH SALLAH AND HIS DIGGERS INTO THE DESERT TOWARD THE NEWLY EXCAVATED CITY OF TANIS.
I HAVE TO GET INTO THE MAP ROOM, SALLAH. THE HEADPIECE IS THE KEY, BUT THE MAP ROOM IS THE LOCK.
A MINIATURE OF THE ENTIRE CITY IS LAID OUT IN THAT CHAMBER. IF THE LEGENDS ARE RIGHT, I'LL FIND THE LOCATION TO THE WELL OF THE SOULS ON THAT MAP.
AND IF THEY AREN'T, INDY?
I'LL TURN IN MY BULLFINCH'S MYTHOLOGY.

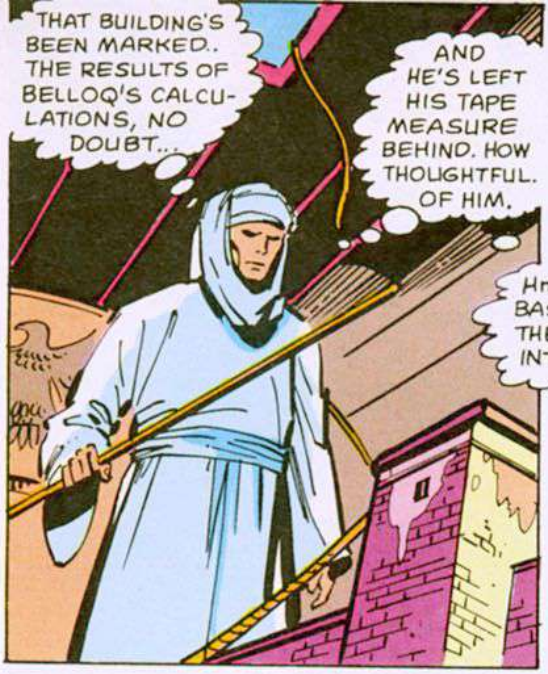
THE DIG IS JUST OVER THIS RISE. YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE THE OPENING TO THE MAP ROOM FROM HERE.
MY GOD! THE GERMANS AREN'T KIDDING!

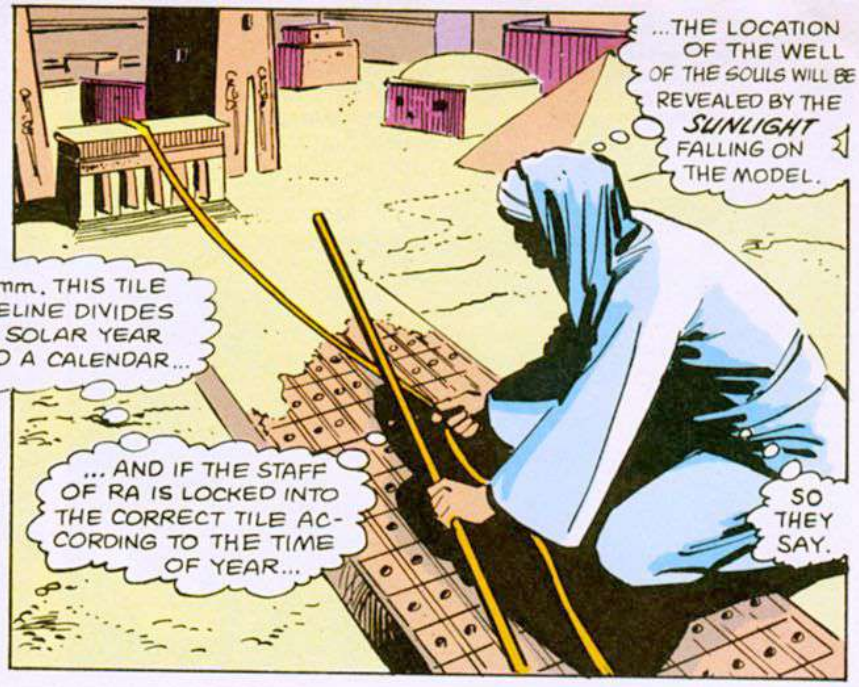

AND STRETCHING OUT BEFORE HIS EYES, INDY SEES THE BONES OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF TANIS, EXPOSED TO THE SUN AND THE TREASURE HUNTERS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A THOUSAND YEARS.

OKAY, SALLAH, BRING THE ROPE. THE SUN'S ALMOST REACHED THE MAP ROOM.
IT SHOULD BE EASY. BELLOQ AND THE REST ARE OFF LOOKING IN THE WRONG SPOT.

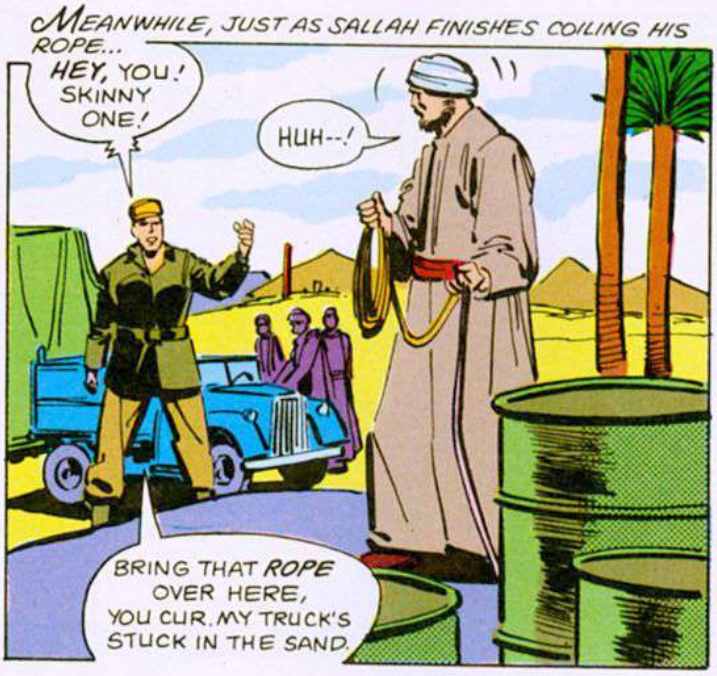
ALL CLEAR, INDY. QUICKLY NOW.
PULL UP THE ROPE THE SECOND I'M DOWN. I'LL CALL WHEN I'M FINISHED.
RIGHT.

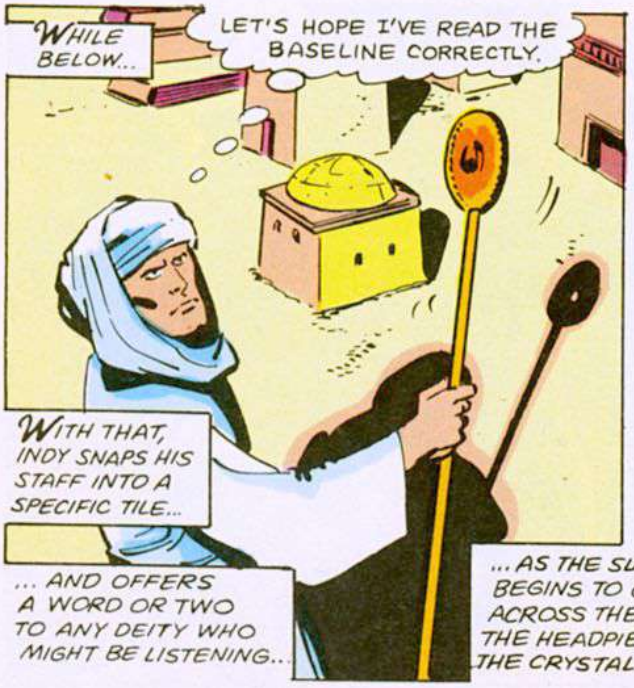
THE MAP ROOM OF TANIS!
ABNER, IF ONLY YOU AND MARION COULD HAVE SEEN THIS!
EVERYTHING'S JUST AS WE IMAGINED IT!
BUT DON'T WORRY. I'LL SEE THIS THROUGH FOR ALL OF US!


THAT BUILDING'S BEEN MARKED. THE RESULTS OF BELLOQ'S CALCULATIONS, NO DOUBT...
AND HE'S LEFT HIS TAPE MEASURE BEHIND. HOW THOUGHTFUL OF HIM.


...THE LOCATION OF THE WELL OF THE SOULS WILL BE REVEALED BY THE SUNLIGHT FALLING ON THE MODEL.
Hmmm. THIS TILE BASELINE DIVIDES THE SOLAR YEAR INTO A CALENDAR...
... AND IF THE STAFF OF RA IS LOCKED INTO THE CORRECT TILE ACCORDING TO THE TIME OF YEAR...
SO THEY SAY.

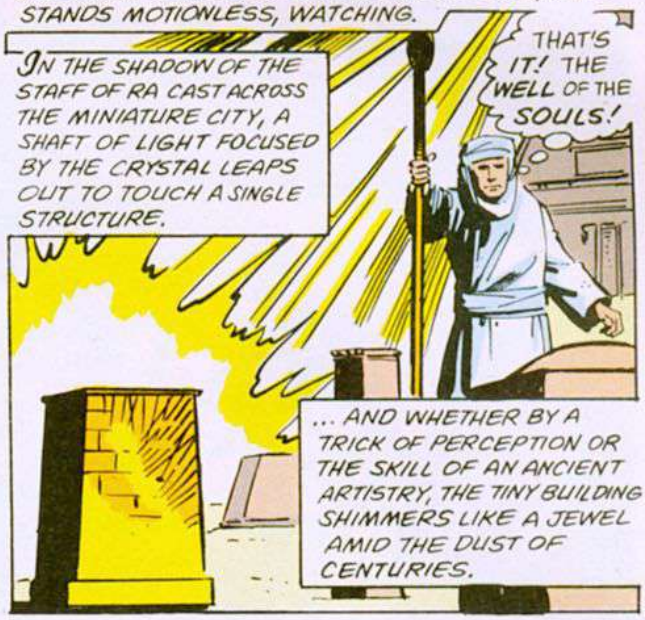
ALL SET. I'D BETTER ATTACH THE HEADPIECE TO THE STAFF SALLAH AND I MADE LAST NIGHT ACCORDING TO THE DISC'S INSTRUCTIONS...
...AND MAYBE A LITTLE PRAYER WOULDN'T HURT EITHER RIGHT NOW.

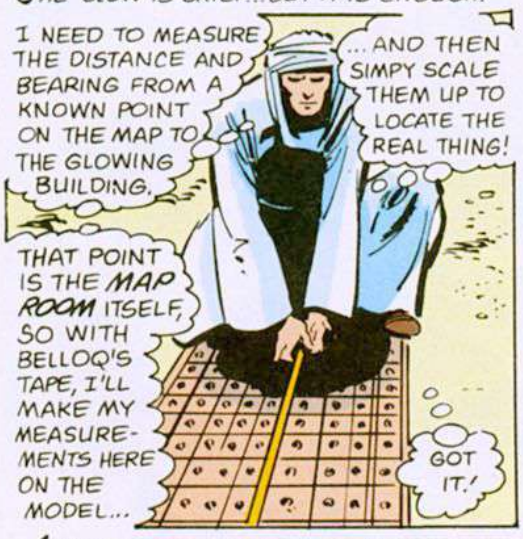

MEANWHILE, JUST AS SALLAH FINISHES COILING HIS ROPE...
HEY, YOU! SKINNY ONE!
HUH--!
BRING THAT ROPE OVER HERE, YOU CUR. MY TRUCK'S STUCK IN THE SAND.


WHILE BELOW...
LET'S HOPE I'VE READ THE BASELINE CORRECTLY.
WITH THAT, INDY SNAPS HIS STAFF INTO A SPECIFIC TILE...
... AND OFFERS A WORD OR TWO TO ANY DEITY WHO MIGHT BE LISTENING...

ABOVE...
MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL. MY MEN ARE HUNGRY.
BRING THEM FOOD.
UHHH...
NOW, IDIOT!
... AS THE SUNLIGHT BEGINS TO CRAWL ACROSS THE FACE OF THE HEADPIECE TOWARD THE CRYSTAL CENTER

AND WATER! BRING US WATER, DOG.
CERTAINLY, SIR. FORGIVE THIS ONE'S OVERSIGHT.


MEANWHILE, BELOW, AS THE SUNLIGHT REACHES THE CRYSTAL IMBEDDED IN THE MEDALLION, INDY STANDS MOTIONLESS, WATCHING.
IN THE SHADOW OF THE STAFF OF RA CAST ACROSS THE MINIATURE CITY, A SHAFT OF LIGHT FOCUSED BY THE CRYSTAL LEAPS OUT TO TOUCH A SINGLE STRUCTURE.
THAT'S IT! THE WELL OF THE SOULS!
... AND WHETHER BY A TRICK OF PERCEPTION OR THE SKILL OF AN ANCIENT ARTISTRY, THE TINY BUILDING SHIMMERS LIKE A JEWEL AMID THE DUST OF CENTURIES.


THE GLOW IS BRIEF... BUT IT IS ENOUGH.
I NEED TO MEASURE THE DISTANCE AND BEARING FROM A KNOWN POINT ON THE MAP TO THE GLOWING BUILDING.
... AND THEN SIMPY SCALE THEM UP TO LOCATE THE REAL THING!
THAT POINT IS THE MAP ROOM ITSELF, SO WITH BELLOQ'S TAPE, I'LL MAKE MY MEASUREMENTS HERE ON THE MODEL...
GOT IT!
AND HE SMILES GRIMLY TO HIMSELF TO SEE THAT THE SITE HE HAS MARKED IS IN A DIRECT LINE WITH BELLOQ'S, A FOOT AND A HALF BEYOND IT!

SO BELLOQ WAS ALMOST RIGHT AGAIN.
BETTER LEAVE THE STAFF BEHIND.
I'LL JUST PITCH IT ON TOP OF SOME JUNK IN A CORNER.

SALLAH.
THERE IS NO RESPONSE.

SALLAH!

THE SILENCE SEEMS LOUDER THAN EVER WHEN SUDDENLY...
... A MAKESHIFT ROPE OF ODDS AND ENDS TIED TOGETHER SLITHERS DOWN FROM THE OPENING ABOVE...

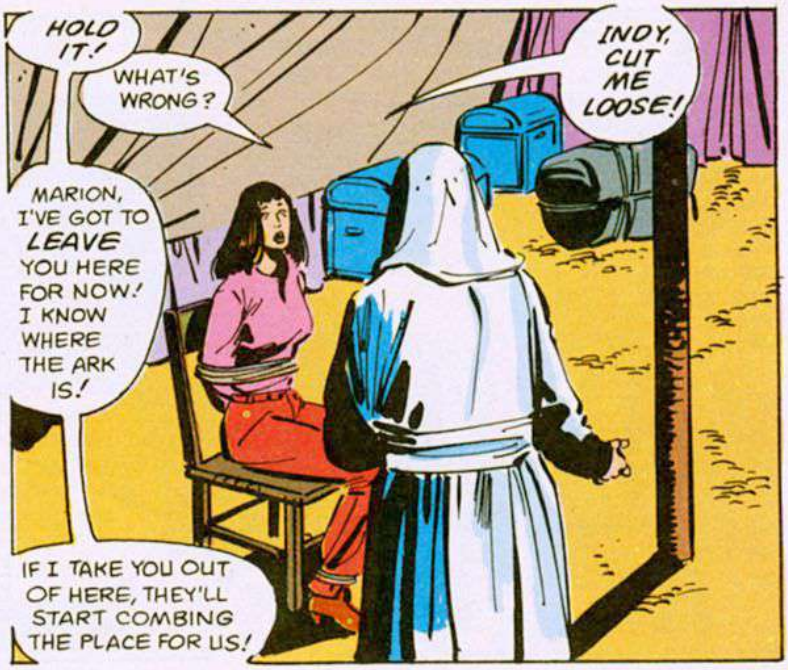
WHAT HAPPENED?
I WAS PLAYING THE DOMESTIC FOR SOME SOLDIERS.
AND YOU?
WE'RE GOLDEN!

HIS VOICE IS HOARSE, ALMOST INAUDIBLE AS INDY CHOKES OUT THE NAME.

MARION! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
I THOUGHT MAYBE I WAS! THEY WERE THROWING ME AROUND LIKE A RAG DOLL!
THEY MUST HAVE SWITCHED BASKETS ON ME AROUND ONE OF THOSE CORNERS!

AREN'T YOU EVER AT A LOSS FOR WORDS?

HAVE THEY HURT YOU?
NO,--NOT HURT. THEY JUST ASKED ABOUT YOU. WHAT YOU KNEW.
OH, INDY, GET ME OUT OF HERE! AWAY FROM HIM! HE'S EVIL!
WHO?
THE FRENCHMAN... BELLOQ!


HOLD IT!
WHAT'S WRONG?
INDY, CUT ME LOOSE!
MARION, I'VE GOT TO LEAVE YOU HERE FOR NOW! I KNOW WHERE THE ARK IS!
IF I TAKE YOU OUT OF HERE, THEY'LL START COMBING THE PLACE FOR US!

I SAID GET ME OUT OF--

--MMMPH!
LOOK, YOU DON'T DON'T KNOW HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU. AND I DON'T LIKE THIS...

...BUT THE WHOLE THING WILL BE SHOT IF YOU DON'T STAY HERE!
THEY HAVEN'T TOUCHED YOU IN THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.
THEY AREN'T GOING TO START NOW!
I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU IN NO TIME!
...AND AFTER A KISS TO AN ANGRY, RED FOREHEAD, INDY DEPARTS...

... INTO THE DESERT TO REJOIN SALLAH AND HIS DIGGERS WITHOUT INCIDENT IN THE DUNES BEYOND THE CAMP.

ARE YOU SURE?

POSITIVE, SALLAH. EVEN BELLOQ WOULD HAVE GOTTEN IT RIGHT IF HE'D HAD ALL THE INFORMATION.

WE'LL SIGHT FROM THAT RIDGE.

GOOD! IT'S WELL AWAY FROM THE CAMP!

TELL YOUR MEN TO BRING UP THE EQUIPMENT. I'VE GOT THE DIGGING SITE SPOTTED.

AND SHORTLY..

THIS IS IT. THE LOOKOUT WILL KEEP US POSTED EVEN THOUGH THE GERMANS ARE TOO FAR AWAY TO TROUBLE US.

BUT WE'LL KEEP A LOW PROFILE.

CHOOSE YOUR WEAPONS, BOYS, AND LET'S GET TO WORK.

MEANWHILE, THE GERMAN COMMANDER, DIETRICH, AND HIS AIDE, GOBLER, ARE INVOLVED IN A SHARP DISCUSSION WITH BELLOQ ABOUT THE VERY OBJECT OF THEIR SEARCH.

THE *FÜHRER* IS NOT A PATIENT MAN. HE DEMANDS CONSTANT REPORTS AND HE EXPECTS *PROGRESS!* YOU LED ME TO BELIEVE--

NOTHING! I *CAUTIONED* YOU ABOUT BEING PREMATURE WITH THAT COMMUNIQUE TO BERLIN. ARCHEOLOGY DOES NOT ADHERE TO TIME SCHEDULES.

BASED ON INFORMATION IN OUR POSSESSION, MY CALCULATIONS WERE CORRECT. PERHAPS SOME BIT OF EVIDENCE STILL ELUDES US.

PERHAPS--

PERHAPS THE *GIRL* CAN HELP US, HERR BELLOQ.

AFTER ALL, WASN'T SHE IN POSSESSION OF THE ORIGINAL HEADPIECE FOR MANY YEARS?
SHE MAY KNOW MUCH.
...IF PROPERLY MOTIVATED.
I TELL YOU, SHE KNOWS NOTHING USEFUL.

I'M SURPRISED TO FIND YOU SQUEAMISH. THAT IS NOT YOUR REPUTATION.
BUT IT NEEDN'T CONCERN YOU.
I HAVE THE PERFECT MAN FOR THIS KIND OF WORK.
GOBLER?

ALL RIGHT. YOU MAY COME IN NOW.

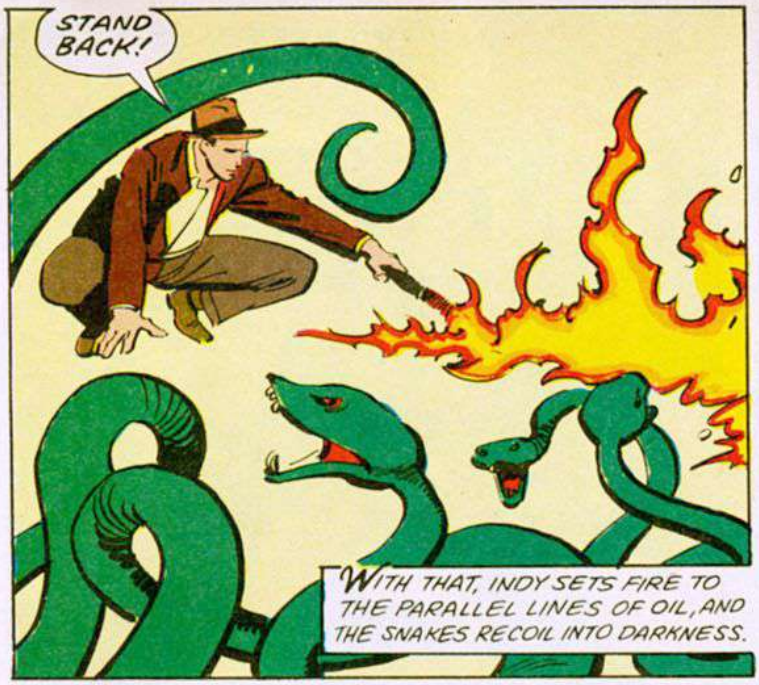
HEIL, HITLER!
AH, TOHT, WE HAVE ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU. I TRUST YOUR HAND HAS RECOVERED SUFFICIENTLY FROM THE LAST ONE.
NOT THAT YOU WOULD HAVE CHOSEN TO COPY THE MEDALLION THAT WAY, I SUPPOSE.
...BUT THIS NEW ASSIGNMENT SHOULD MAKE UP FOR THAT.
IT CONCERNS A YOUNG FRAULEIN OF YOUR ACQUAINTANCE.

MEANWHILE, BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE CONVERSATION IN DIETRICH'S TENT...
...INDY AND THE DIGGERS HAVE UNCOVERED A LONG-BURIED ROOF.
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK A TORCH, AND EXTREME CARE.

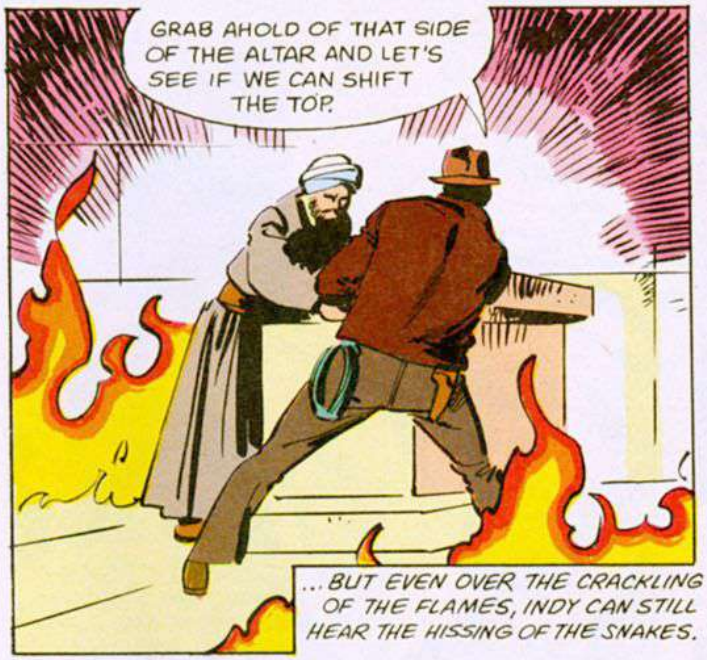
CHECK. LET'S SEE WHAT'S--
SALLAH, LOOK! WE'VE FOUND IT!
THE WELL OF THE SOULS!

THE ARK MUST BE INSIDE THAT STONE CASE ON THE ALTAR.
BUT WHAT'S THAT GREEN STUFF ALL OVER THE FLOOR?
LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF CARPET, INDY.
LET'S SHED A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.
THUNK!
GOOD LORD!
... AND A SHUDDER RUNS THROUGH INDY'S FRAME!
EGYPTIAN ASPS! VERY DANGEROUS!
SNAKES! WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE SNAKES?
WHY NOT ANYTHING ELSE?

TORCHES! LOTS OF TORCHES!
AND GET SOME OIL!
WE'LL MAKE A LANDING STRIP DOWN THERE!
OKAY. LOWER THE CRATE INTO THE CLEARED SPACE.
SALLAH, YOU FOLLOW ME DOWN...
... AND BRING ANOTHER CANNISTER OF OIL!
NOW SPLASH THE STUFF ON EITHER SIDE OF US TOWARD THE ALTAR!
WE'RE GOING TO OPEN A PATH RIGHT TO THE ARK!


STAND BACK!
WITH THAT, INDY SETS FIRE TO THE PARALLEL LINES OF OIL, AND THE SNAKES RECOIL INTO DARKNESS.

WE'RE SET! C'MON, SALLAH!
WE'VE ONLY GOT 'TIL THE OIL BURNS IT-SELF OUT!

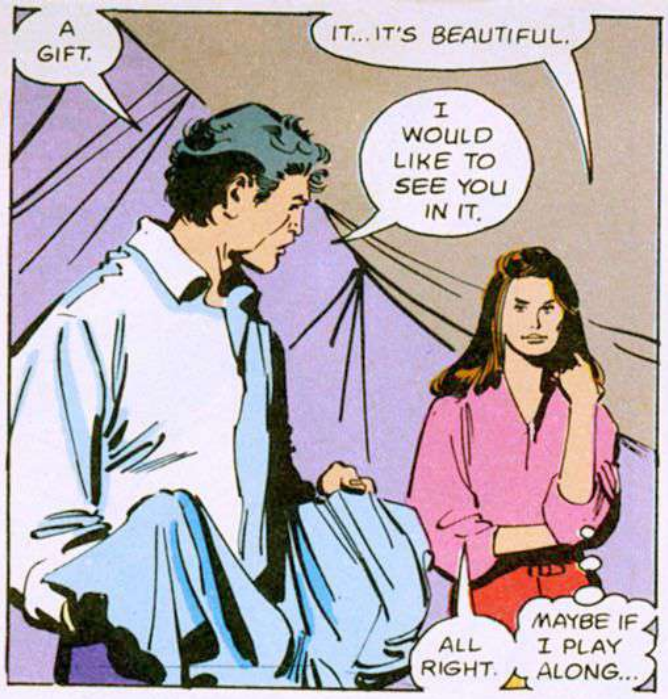

GRAB AHOLD OF THAT SIDE OF THE ALTAR AND LET'S SEE IF WE CAN SHIFT THE TOP.
...BUT EVEN OVER THE CRACKLING OF THE FLAMES, INDY CAN STILL HEAR THE HISSING OF THE SNAKES.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT CAMP MARION HAS A VISITOR...
OH!

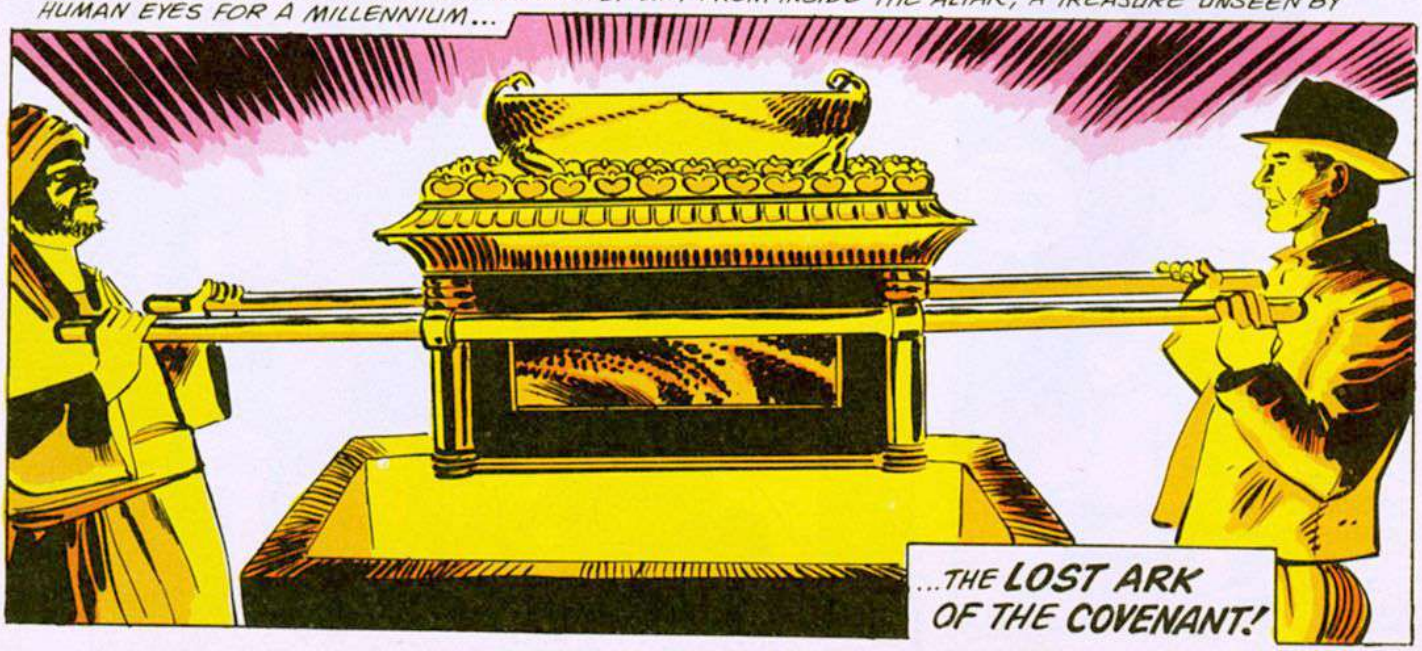
DO NOT BE ALARMED, MISS RAVENWOOD.
I AM SORRY FOR THE GERMANS' TREATMENT OF YOU.
WHO'S IDEA WAS IT?
NO FOOD, NO WATER-- JUST WHAT I WOULD HAVE EXPECTED OF YOUR FRIENDS.

THEY ARE NOT MY FRIENDS.

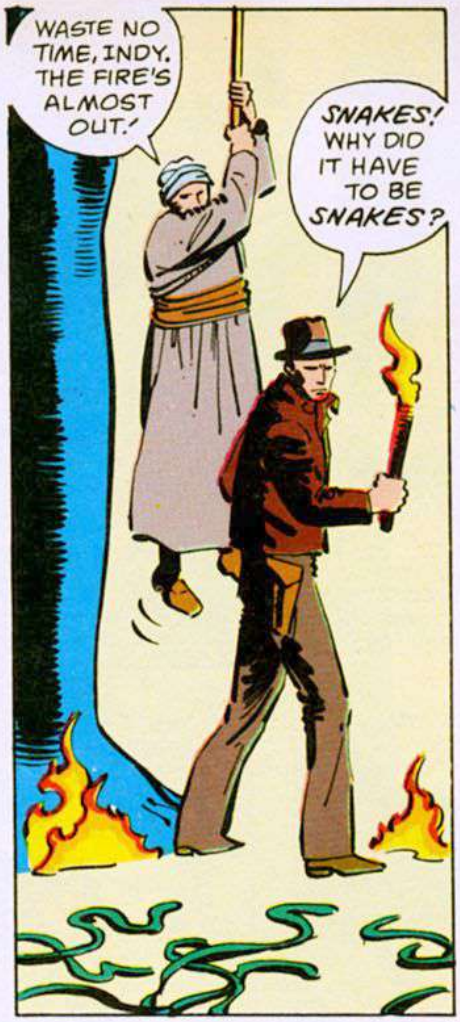
HOWEVER... IF YOU HAVE THE PROPER TIES...
...THIS PART OF THE WORLD IS NOT ENTIRELY UNCIVILIZED.

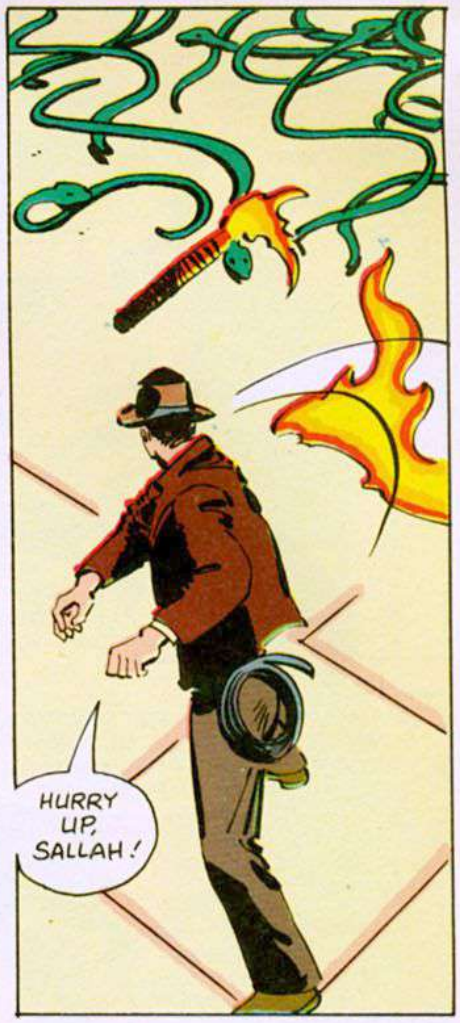


THE VERY ATMOSPHERE SEEMS CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY AS THE TWO MEN SLIDE LONG WOODEN POLES THROUGH GOLD CARRYING-RINGS AND SLOWLY LIFT FROM INSIDE THE ALTAR, A TREASURE UNSEEN BY HUMAN EYES FOR A MILLENNIUM...



IT IS BUT THE WORK OF A MOMENT TO PLACE THE ARK GENTLY WITHIN THE WOODEN CRATE...
OKAY, BOYS, HOIST AWAY!
...BUT WARN YOUR MEN, SALLAH, NOT TO TOUCH THE ARK ITSELF.
NEVER TOUCH IT!


WASTE NO TIME, INDY. THE FIRE'S ALMOST OUT!
SNAKES! WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE SNAKES?

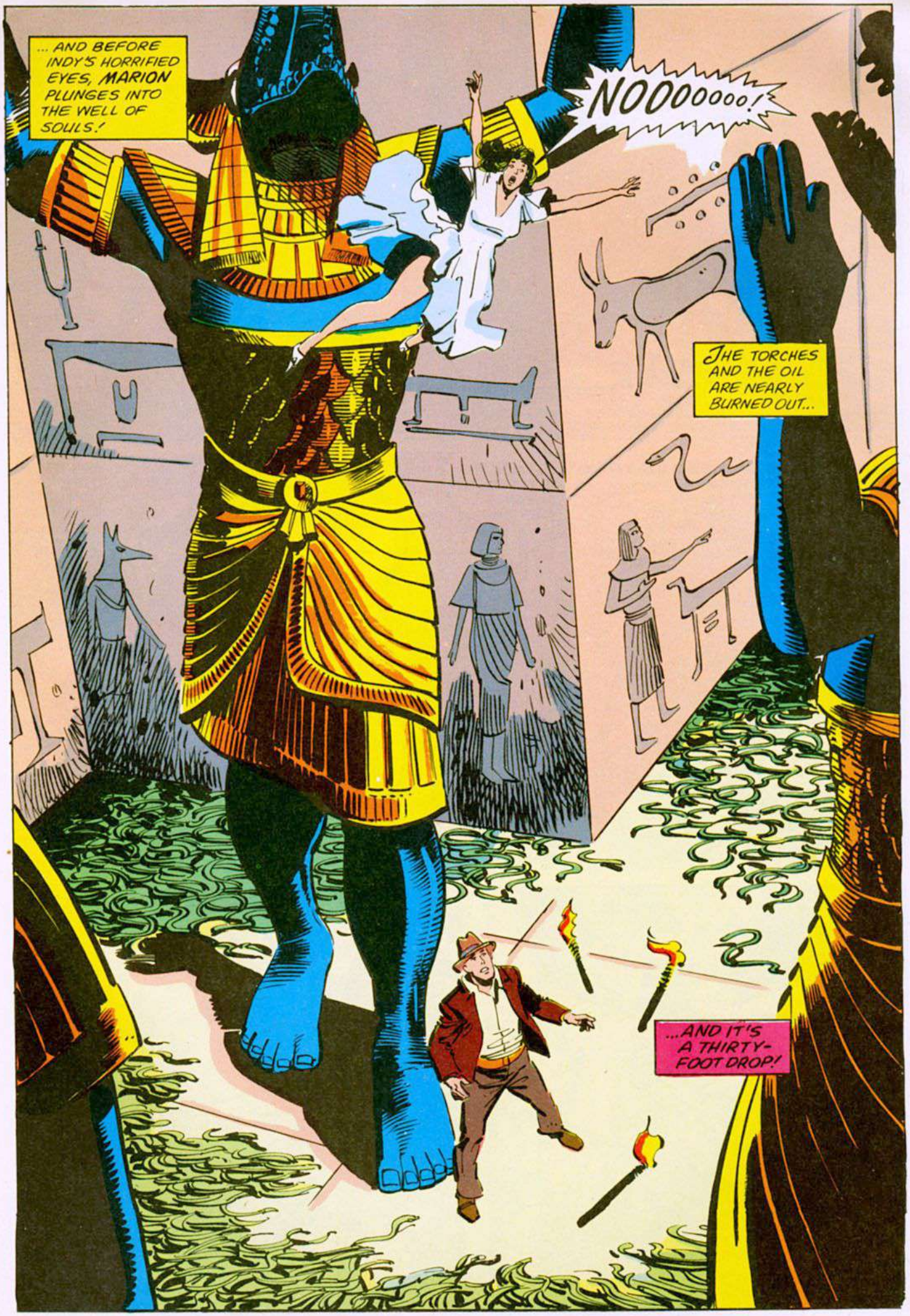

HURRY UP, SALLAH!

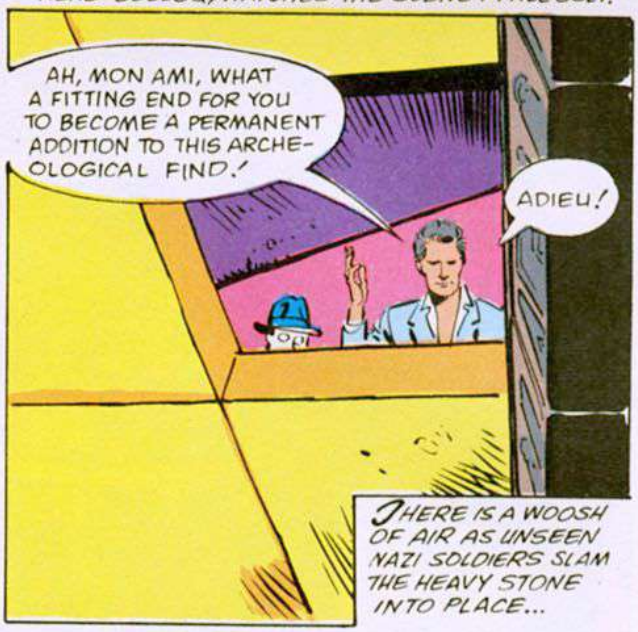
I THINK WE'VE WORN OUT OUR WELCOME!

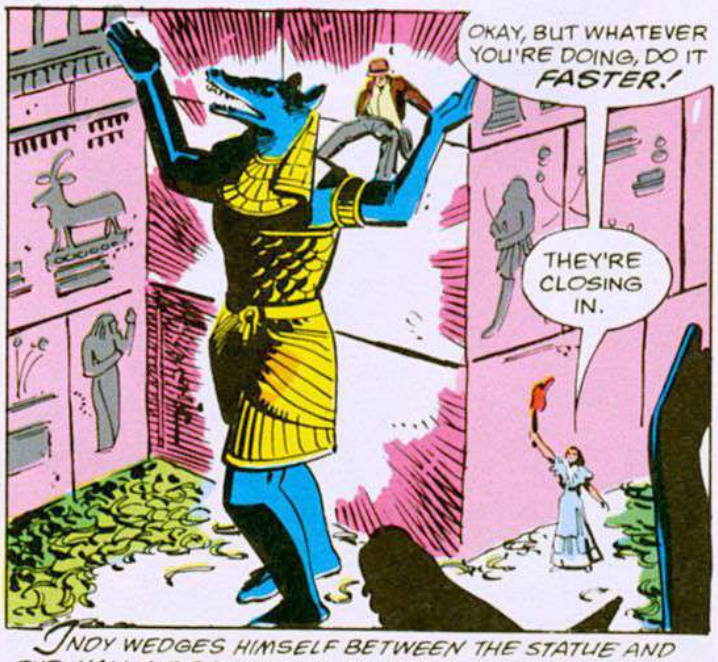
BUT AS INDY GIVES THE ROPE A SHARP TUG...
...IT FALLS INTO THE WELL!
WHAT THE--!

WHY, DR. JONES, WHATEVER ARE YOU DOING IN SUCH A NASTY PLACE?
WHY DON'T YOU FELLOWS DROP DOWN?
NO THANKS. WE ARE QUITE COMFORTABLE WHERE WE ARE.
I'LL SHOW YOU.
THANKS TO AN ALERT SENTRY SPYING UNUSUAL ACTIVITY OUT HERE. AND ONCE AGAIN, DR. JONES... WHAT WAS BRIEFLY YOURS, IS NOW MINE.

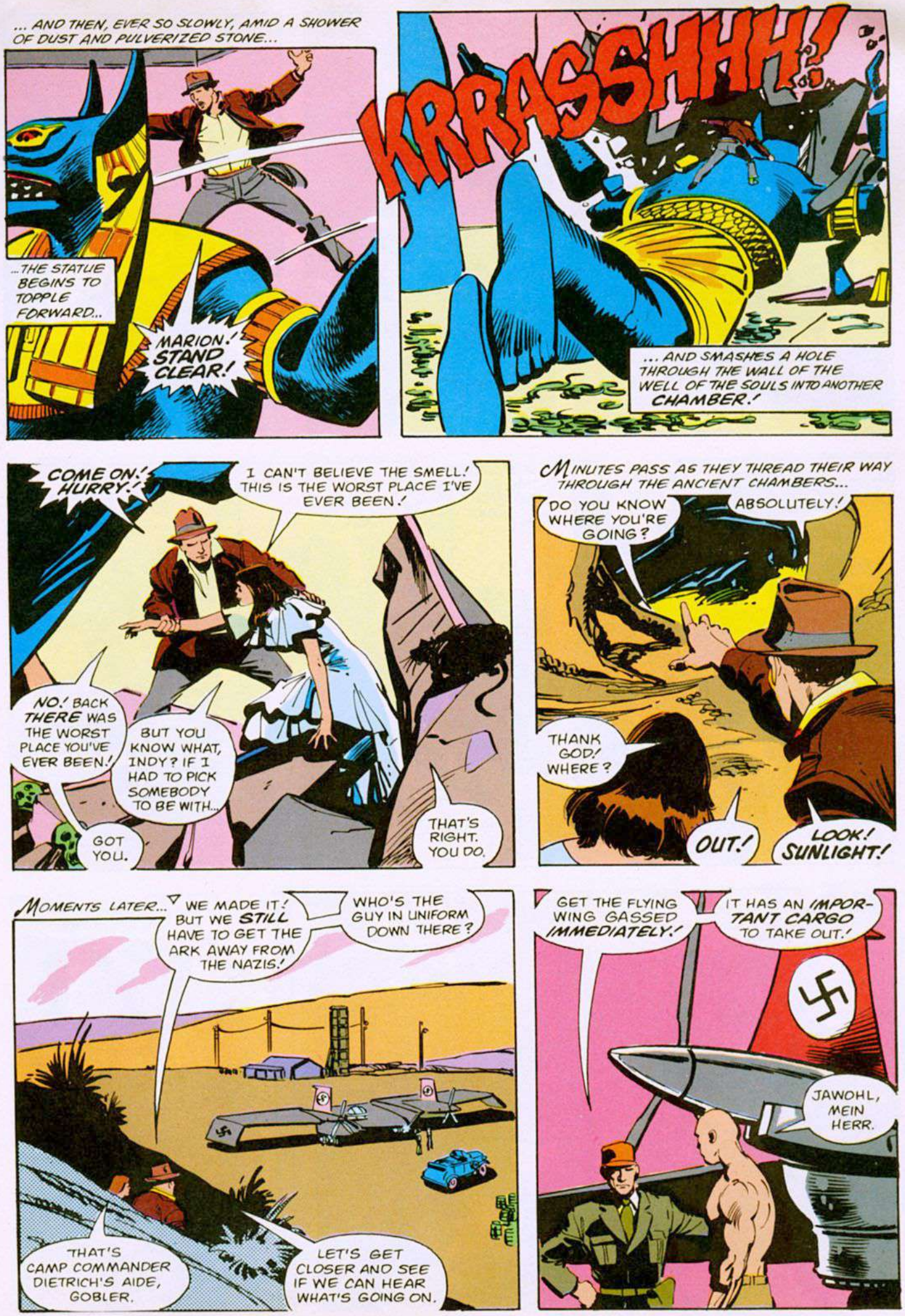
YEAH, BUT CAN YOU KEEP IT? DID YOU GET THE IDOL OUT OF PERU?
I WAS LUCKY TO GET AWAY WITH MY LIFE! THE INDIANS PROVED QUITE NARROW-MINDED ABOUT THE WHOLE MATTER.
WELL, YOU CAN'T CHOOSE YOUR FRIENDS TOO CAREFULLY, CAN YOU, BELLOQ?
HA! I ALMOST REGRET THIS. WHERE SHALL I FIND A NEW ADVERSARY SO CLOSE TO MY OWN LEVEL?
TRY THE LOCAL SEWER.
I KNOW YOU DESPISE ME. YET YOU AND I ARE MUCH ALIKE.
NOW YOU'RE GETTING NASTY.
OUR METHODS HAVE NOT DIFFERED AS MUCH AS YOU PRETEND... INDY.
I AM A SHADOWY REFLECTION OF YOU... A MERE NUDGE WOULD PUSH YOU FROM THE LIGHT AND MAKE US BOTH THE SAME.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE ARK IS?
IT IS A TRANSMITTER FOR TALKING TO GOD!
IF IT'S GOD YOU WANT TO TALK TO...LET ME ARRANGE IT.
YOUR TIME FOR MAKING ARRANGEMENTS IS AT AN END, DR. JONES!
YES, I'M AFRAID WE MUST BE LEAVING.
OUR PRIZE IS AWAITED IN BERLIN.
INDEED, WE ARE FINISHED HERE...WITH EVERYTHING!
TOHT.
BUT WE DO NOT WISH TO LEAVE YOU DOWN IN THAT AWFUL PLACE, DR. JONES...
ALL ALONE!
NO!!
TOHT!


... AND BEFORE INDY'S HORRIFIED EYES, MARION PLUNGES INTO THE WELL OF SOULS!
NOOOOOOO!
THE TORCHES AND THE OIL ARE NEARLY BURNED OUT...
...AND IT'S A THIRTY-FOOT DROP!

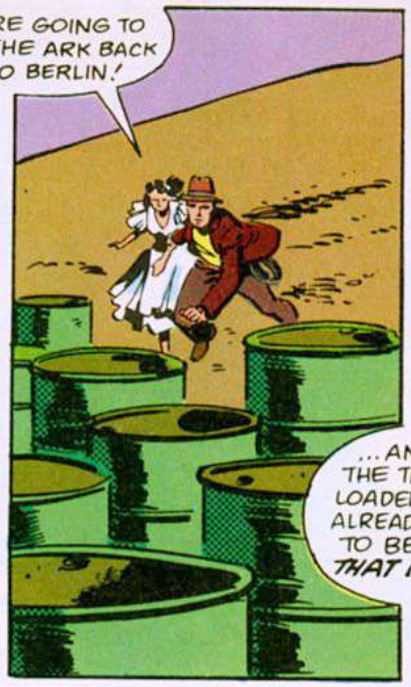




INDY WEDGES HIMSELF BETWEEN THE STATUE AND THE WALL AND BEGINS TO PUSH WITH ALL HIS MIGHT.!


... AND THEN, EVER SO SLOWLY, AMID A SHOWER OF DUST AND PULVERIZED STONE...
...THE STATUE BEGINS TO TOPPLE FORWARD...
MARION! STAND CLEAR!
KRRASSHHH!
... AND SMASHES A HOLE THROUGH THE WALL OF THE WELL OF THE SOULS INTO ANOTHER CHAMBER!
COME ON! HURRY!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THE SMELL! THIS IS THE WORST PLACE I'VE EVER BEEN!
NO! BACK THERE WAS THE WORST PLACE YOU'VE EVER BEEN!
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT, INDY? IF I HAD TO PICK SOMEBODY TO BE WITH...
GOT YOU.
THAT'S RIGHT. YOU DO.
MINUTES PASS AS THEY THREAD THEIR WAY THROUGH THE ANCIENT CHAMBERS...
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING?
ABSOLUTELY!
THANK GOD! WHERE?
OUT!
LOOK! SUNLIGHT!
MOMENTS LATER...
WE MADE IT! BUT WE STILL HAVE TO GET THE ARK AWAY FROM THE NAZIS!
WHO'S THE GUY IN UNIFORM DOWN THERE?
THAT'S CAMP COMMANDER DIETRICH'S AIDE, GOBLER.
LET'S GET CLOSER AND SEE IF WE CAN HEAR WHAT'S GOING ON.
GET THE FLYING WING GASSED IMMEDIATELY!
IT HAS AN IMPORTANT CARGO TO TAKE OUT!
JAWOHL, MEIN HERR.

LET'S GO, MARION.!
THEY'RE GOING TO FLY THE ARK BACK TO BERLIN.!

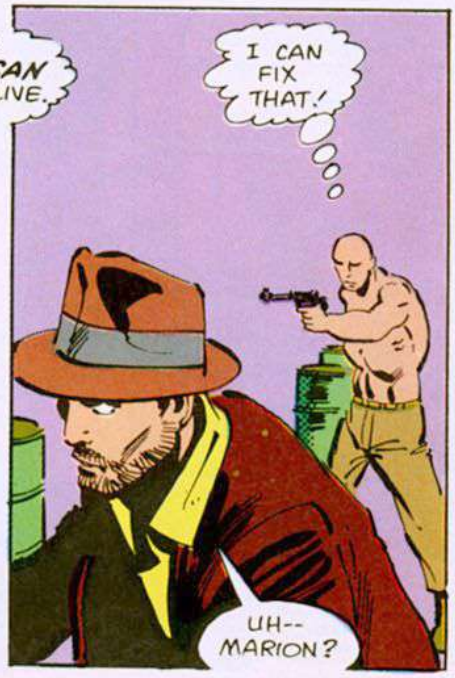

...AND BY THE TIME IT'S LOADED, WE'RE ALREADY GOING TO BE ON THAT PLANE.!

SUDDENLY...
VAS IST....
BLAST.!

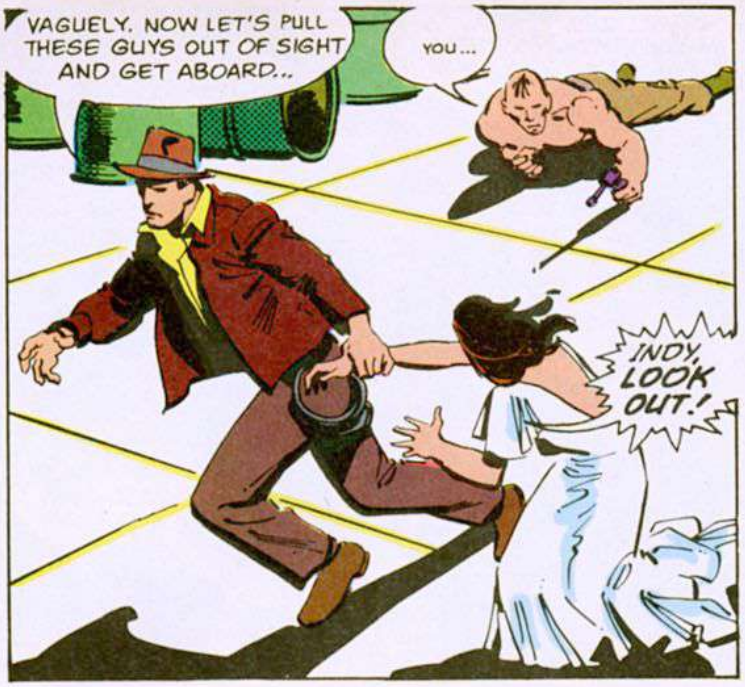
IF I CAN DECK THIS GUY QUIETLY, WE MIGHT STILL MAKE IT.!

KLANG!
?

SO...
...THE AMERICAN IS STILL ALIVE.


I CAN FIX THAT.!
UH-- MARION?

DON'T WORRY, INDY.
I'VE DONE THIS BEFORE, REMEMBER?
WOK!


VAGUELY. NOW LET'S PULL THESE GUYS OUT OF SIGHT AND GET ABOARD...
YOU...
INDY, LOOK OUT!

... BUT THE GERMAN COLLAPSES, SQUEEZING OFF A WILD SHOT AS HE DOES SO...
BAM!
PA-WANG!
STILL, HE COULD NOT HAVE PICKED A BETTER TARGET FOR ATTRACTING ATTENTION IF HE'D STAYED CONSCIOUS...

... FOR, A MOMENT LATER...
THE PLANE!
BARROOOMA!

SABOTAGE!
WE MUST GET THE ARK AWAY FROM THIS PLACE IMMEDIATELY.
HAVE IT PUT ON THE TRUCK. WE'LL FLY OUT OF CAIRO.
AND GOBLER, I WANT PLENTY OF PROTECTION.
YES, SIR!

AS THE CAMP BEGINS TO BREAK UP, SALLAH GOES TO COLLECT HIS MEN.

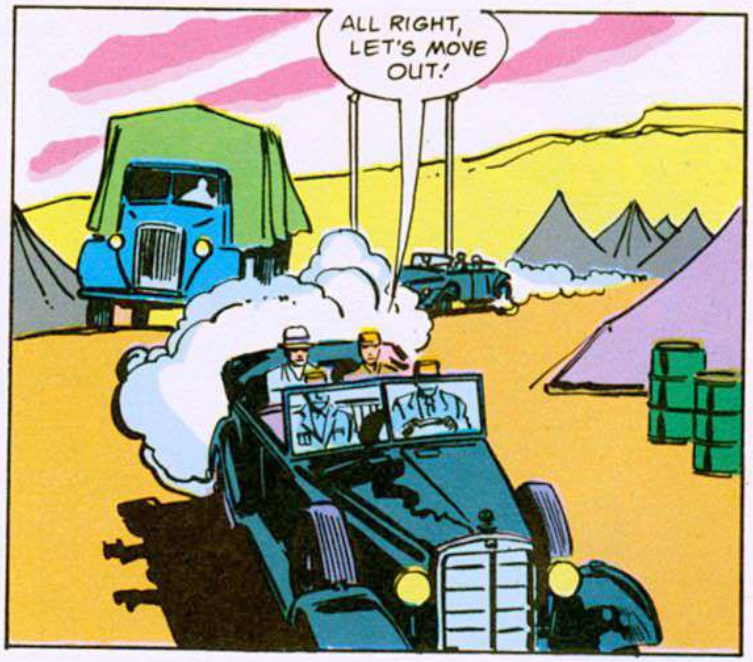
SUDDENLY...
URK!

INDY! MARION! HOLY SMOKE, MY FRIENDS! I AM SO PLEASED YOU ARE NOT DEAD!
US, TOO!
HOW COME DIETRICH AND HIS BOYS DIDN'T SIGN YOU OFF AT THE WELL WHEN THEY FOUND YOU?
A GLIB TONGUE.
I PERSUADED THEM YOU HAD DUPED US BY POSING AS A GERMAN.
AFTER ALL, WE ARE BUT SIMPLE ARABS.

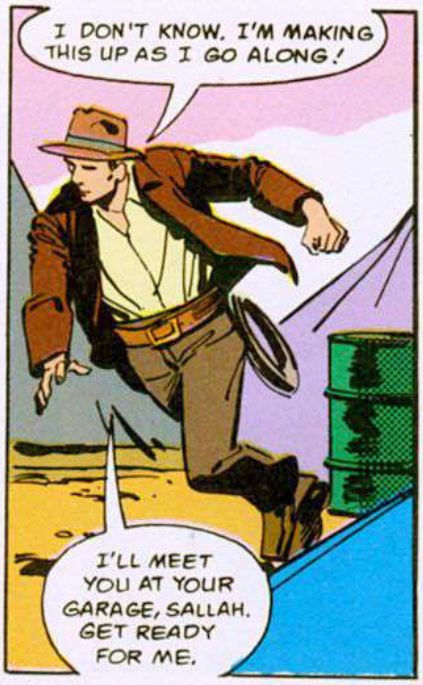
BUT INDY! THE ARK!
THEY'RE TAKING IT BY TRUCK TO CAIRO!
WHERE IS IT NOW?
COME. I'LL SHOW YOU.

YOU SEE?
IT WILL BE CARRIED UNDER GUARD.
TOHT AND GOBLER WILL RIDE BEHIND.
DIETRICH AND BELLOQ WILL RIDE IN A CAR IN FRONT.
ALL ARMED.

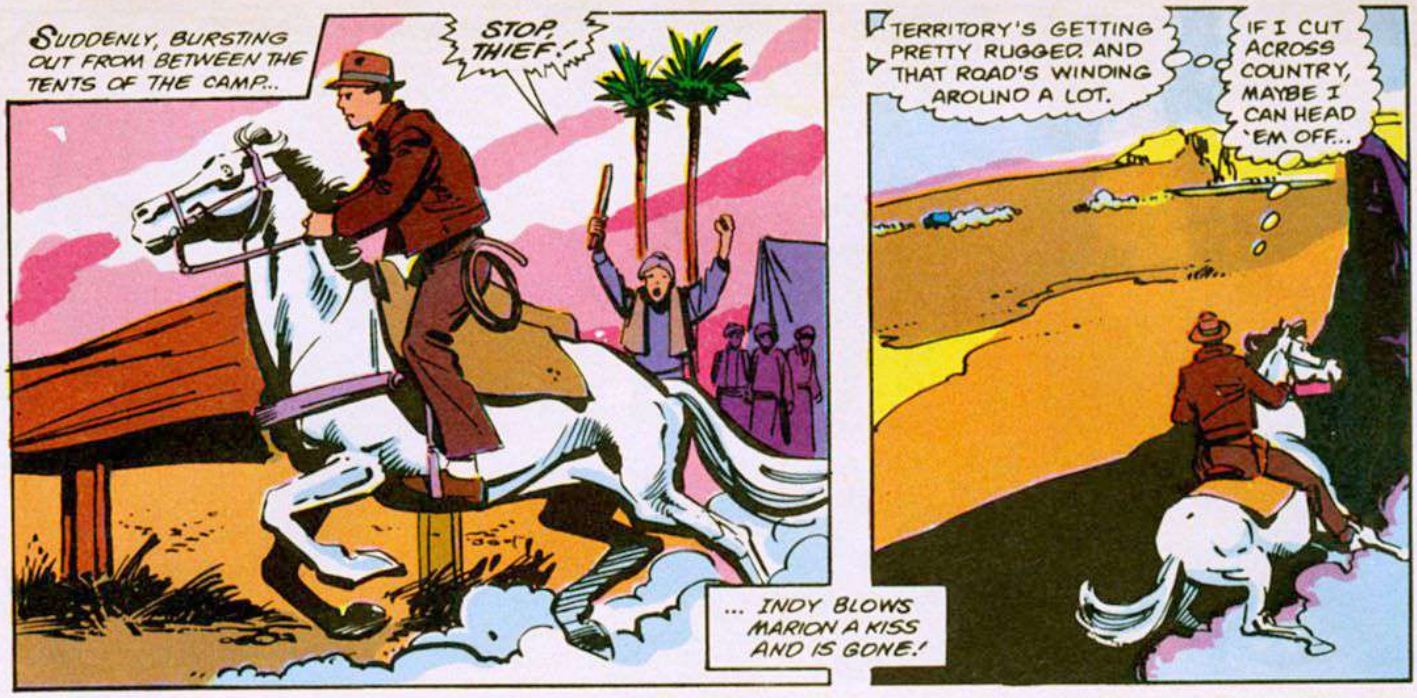
CAREFUL, YOU FOOLS. IT MUSTN'T BE DAMAGED!

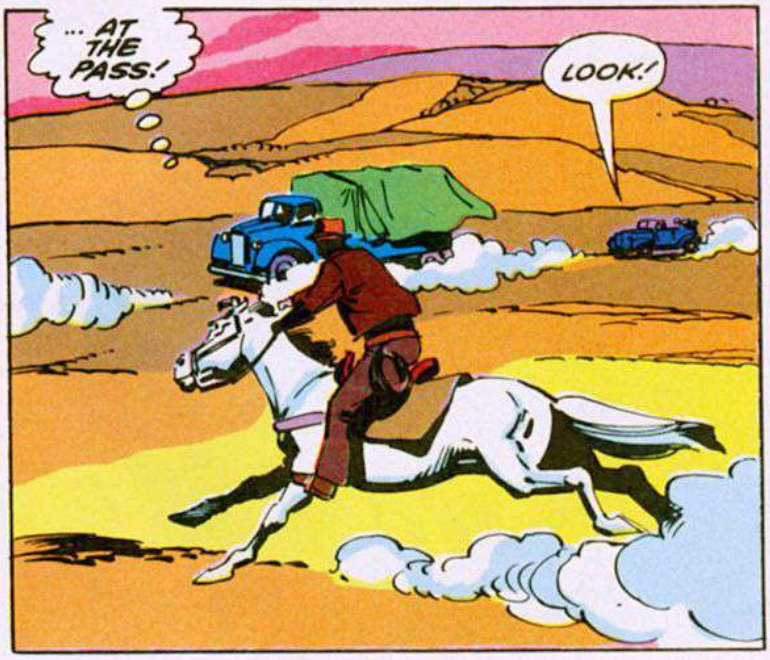

ALL RIGHT, LET'S MOVE OUT!

YOU TWO GET BACK TO CAIRO, QUICK, AND GET US TRANSPORTATION TO ENGLAND-- A PLANE, A SHIP,
I'M GOING TO GET THAT TRUCK!
HOW?


I DON'T KNOW. I'M MAKING THIS UP AS I GO ALONG!
I'LL MEET YOU AT YOUR GARAGE, SALLAH. GET READY FOR ME.

OH, INDY. BE CAREFUL.
COME, WE TOO MUST--!

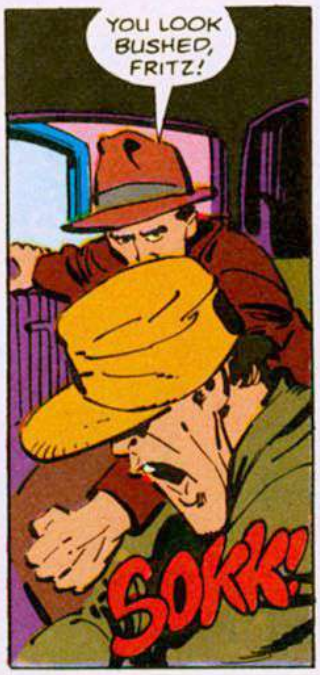

SUDDENLY, BURSTING OUT FROM BETWEEN THE TENTS OF THE CAMP...
STOP, THIEF!
... INDY BLOWS MARION A KISS AND IS GONE!
TERRITORY'S GETTING PRETTY RUGGED, AND THAT ROAD'S WINDING AROUND A LOT.
IF I CUT ACROSS COUNTRY, MAYBE I CAN HEAD 'EM OFF...


... AT THE PASS!
LOOK!

IT'S JONES. HE'S ALIVE!
AND HE'S AFTER THE ARK!

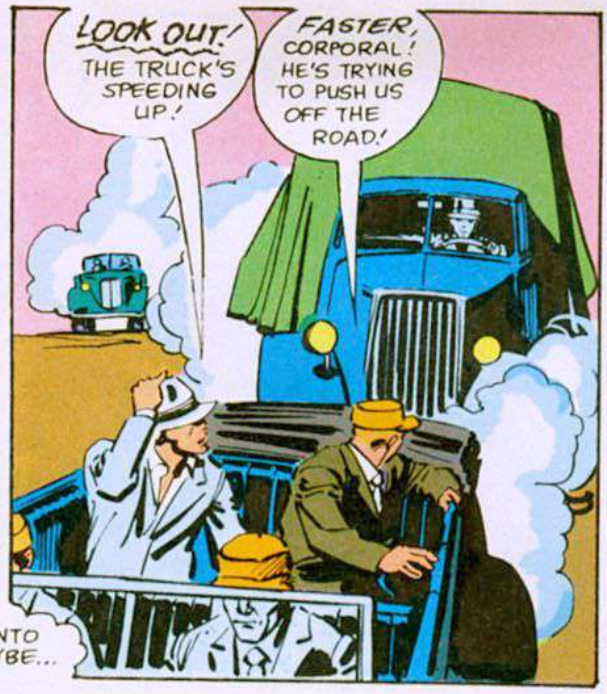
END OF THE LINE, CHUM! I NEED YOUR TRUCK!
BUT DON'T FORGET!

YOU CAN HAVE MY HORSE!
H-HELP!


YOU LOOK BUSHED, FRITZ!
SOKK!

A LITTLE FRESH AIR WILL DO WONDERS FOR YOU!

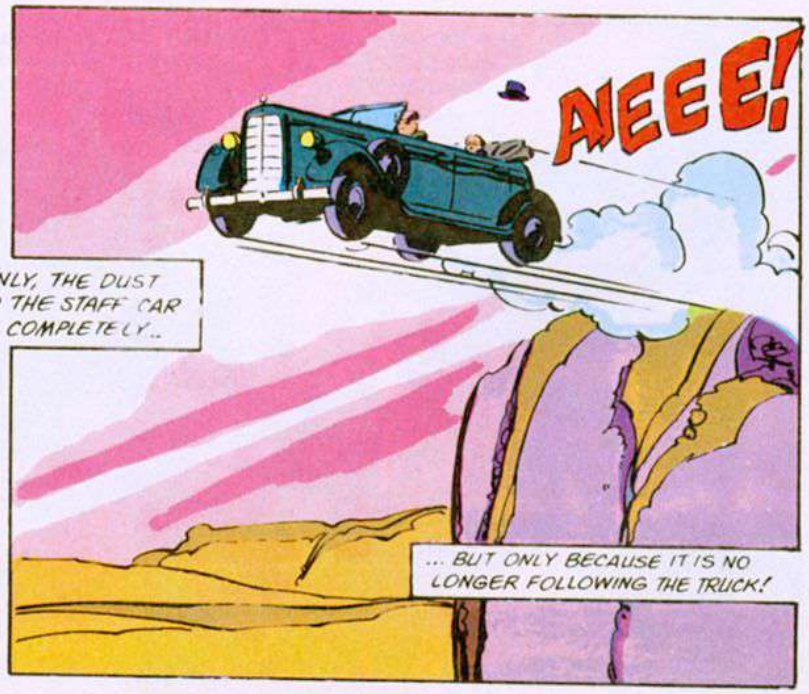
WELL, I'VE GOT THE ARK AGAIN! BUT CAN I KEEP IT?
I'LL HAVE TO SHAKE THESE TWO CARS, SOMEHOW!
BUT WE'RE CLIMBING INTO THE HILLS, MAYBE...

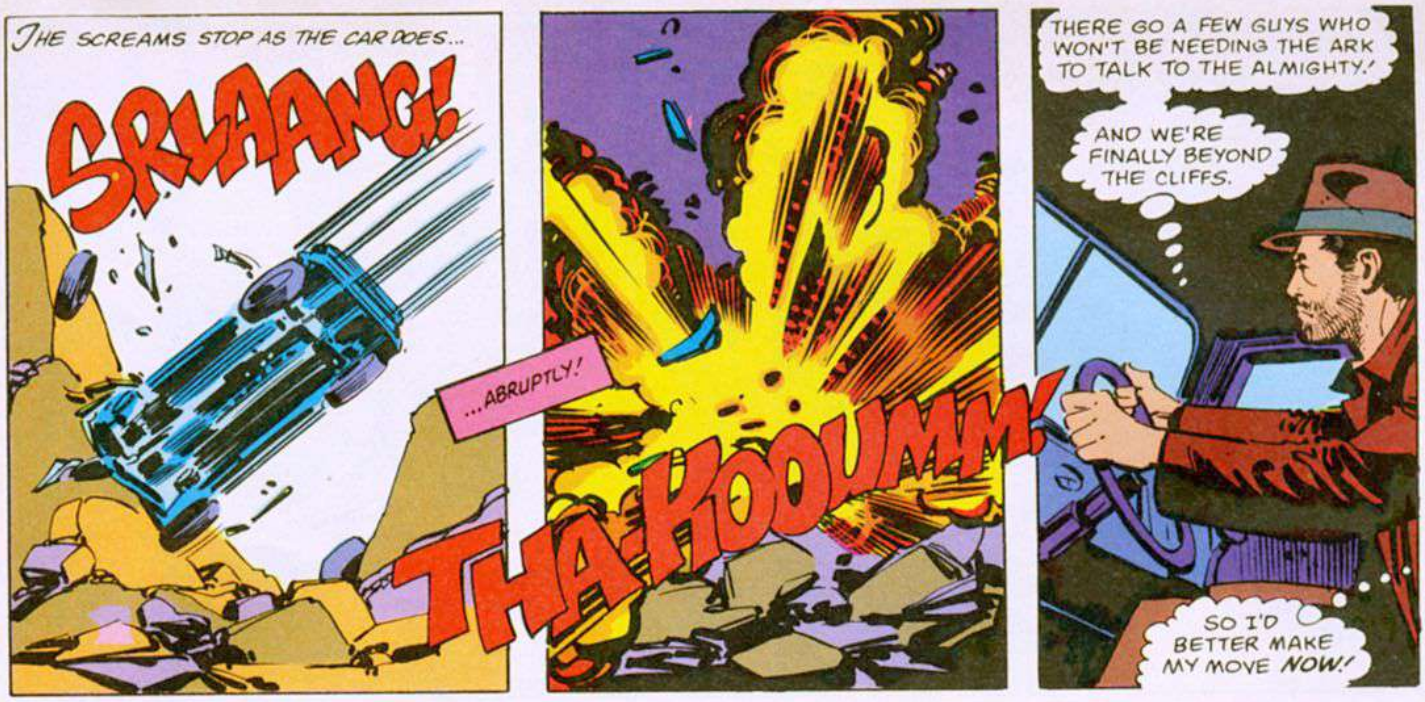

LOOK OUT! THE TRUCK'S SPEEDING UP!
FASTER, CORPORAL! HE'S TRYING TO PUSH US OFF THE ROAD!

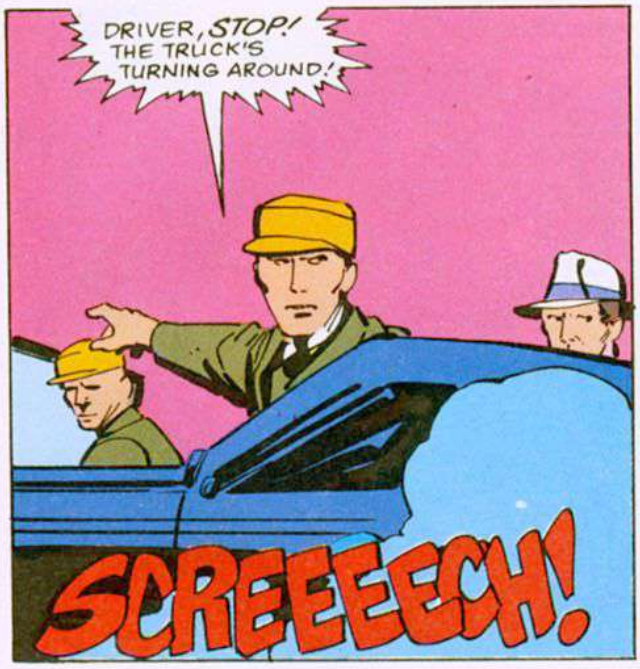
STAY IN FRONT OF HIM!
MAYBE TOHT CAN PULL ALONG SIDE THE TRUCK AND GET HIM!

HURRY, YOU FOOL! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO THAT ARK WE'RE ALL DEAD MEN!
THE FÜHRER WILL SEE TO IT!

I'M TRYING, SIR, BUT THE DUST! KOFF! KOFF! IT'S HARD TO SEE WHERE--!


SUDDENLY, THE DUST AROUND THE STAFF CAR CLEARS COMPLETELY...
AEEE!
... BUT ONLY BECAUSE IT IS NO LONGER FOLLOWING THE TRUCK!

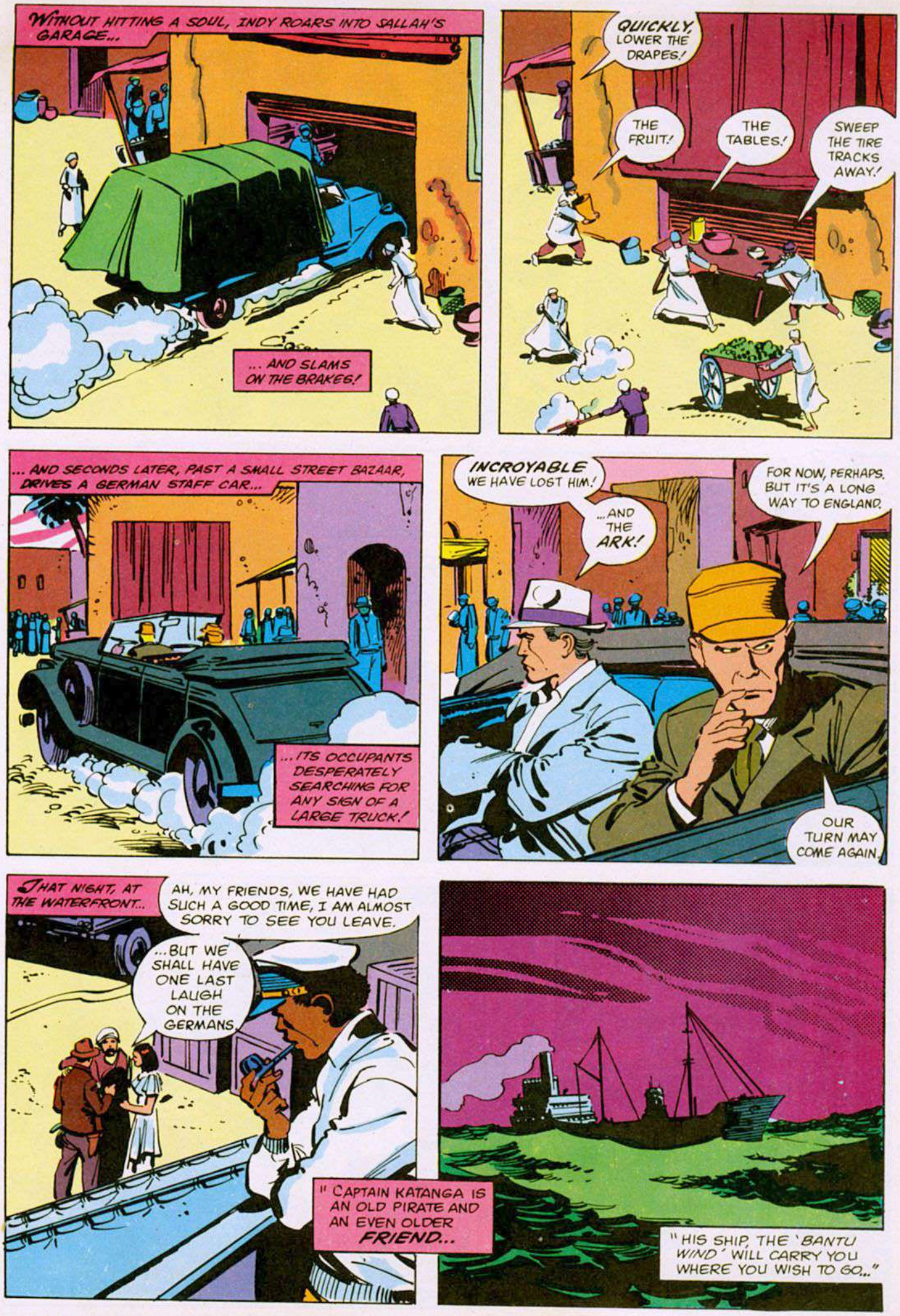

THE SCREAMS STOP AS THE CAR DOES...
SRLAANG!
...ABRUPTLY!
THA-KOOUMM!
THERE GO A FEW GUYS WHO WON'T BE NEEDING THE ARK TO TALK TO THE ALMIGHTY!
AND WE'RE FINALLY BEYOND THE CLIFFS.
SO I'D BETTER MAKE MY MOVE NOW!


DRIVER, STOP! THE TRUCK'S TURNING AROUND!
SCREEEECH!

AFTER HIM! WE CAN'T LOSE HIM NOW! NOT AFTER ALL THIS!

BUT INDY KEEPS IT FLOORED AND REACHES THE OUTSKIRTS OF CAIRO JUST AHEAD OF DIETRICH AND BELLOQ.
I CAN'T RISK SLOWING DOWN IF I'M GOING TO REACH SALLAH FIRST...
AND SHRUGGING HIS SHOULDERS...

...INDY ENTERS THE STREETS OF CAIRO...
...AT TOP SPEED!
BEEP BEEP


WITHOUT HITTING A SOUL, INDY ROARS INTO SALLAH'S GARAGE...
... AND SLAMS ON THE BRAKES!
QUICKLY, LOWER THE DRAPES!
THE FRUIT!
THE TABLES!
SWEEP THE TIRE TRACKS AWAY!
... AND SECONDS LATER, PAST A SMALL STREET BAZAAR, DRIVES A GERMAN STAFF CAR...
... ITS OCCUPANTS DESPERATELY SEARCHING FOR ANY SIGN OF A LARGE TRUCK!
INCROYABLE WE HAVE LOST HIM!
... AND THE ARK!
FOR NOW, PERHAPS. BUT IT'S A LONG WAY TO ENGLAND.
OUR TURN MAY COME AGAIN.
THAT NIGHT, AT THE WATERFRONT...
AH, MY FRIENDS, WE HAVE HAD SUCH A GOOD TIME, I AM ALMOST SORRY TO SEE YOU LEAVE.
... BUT WE SHALL HAVE ONE LAST LAUGH ON THE GERMANS.
" CAPTAIN KATANGA IS AN OLD PIRATE AND AN EVEN OLDER FRIEND...
" HIS SHIP, THE 'BANTU WIND' WILL CARRY YOU WHERE YOU WISH TO GO..."

LATER...
GROAN: I THINK EVEN MY BRUISES HAVE BRUISES.
WHERE DOES IT HURT?
EVERY-WHERE.
YOU'RE NOT THE MAN I KNEW TEN YEARS AGO.
IT'S NOT THE YEARS, IT'S THE MILEAGE.

MAYBE I CAN HELP.
WHERE'D YOU GET THAT?
FROM CAPTAIN KATANGA. I'M NOT THE FIRST WOMAN TO TRAVEL WITH THESE PIRATES.
IT'S LOVELY.

Mmmmmm! I'M SO GLAD YOU LIKE IT!

HEY!
NOW WHAT?
THE SHIP'S ENGINES HAVE SHUT DOWN.

SO?
KATANGA'S GOT NO REASON TO TAKE A REST STOP OUT HERE!
I'M GOING TOP-SIDE.
SHOULDN'T BE A MOMENT.

SHORTLY, ON THE BRIDGE...
YOU HAVE MOST IMPORTANT FRIENDS, DR. JONES.
WHAT'S WRONG?
Oh?

THEY HAVE THEIR OWN U-BOAT!

AND THEY'VE ALREADY SENT BOARDING PARTIES.
YOU AND THE GIRL MUST DISAPPEAR. WE HAVE A PLACE IN THE HOLD.

GO, MY FRIEND.
I'M ON MY WAY.

TOO LATE! THE NAZIS ARE ALREADY ABOARD...

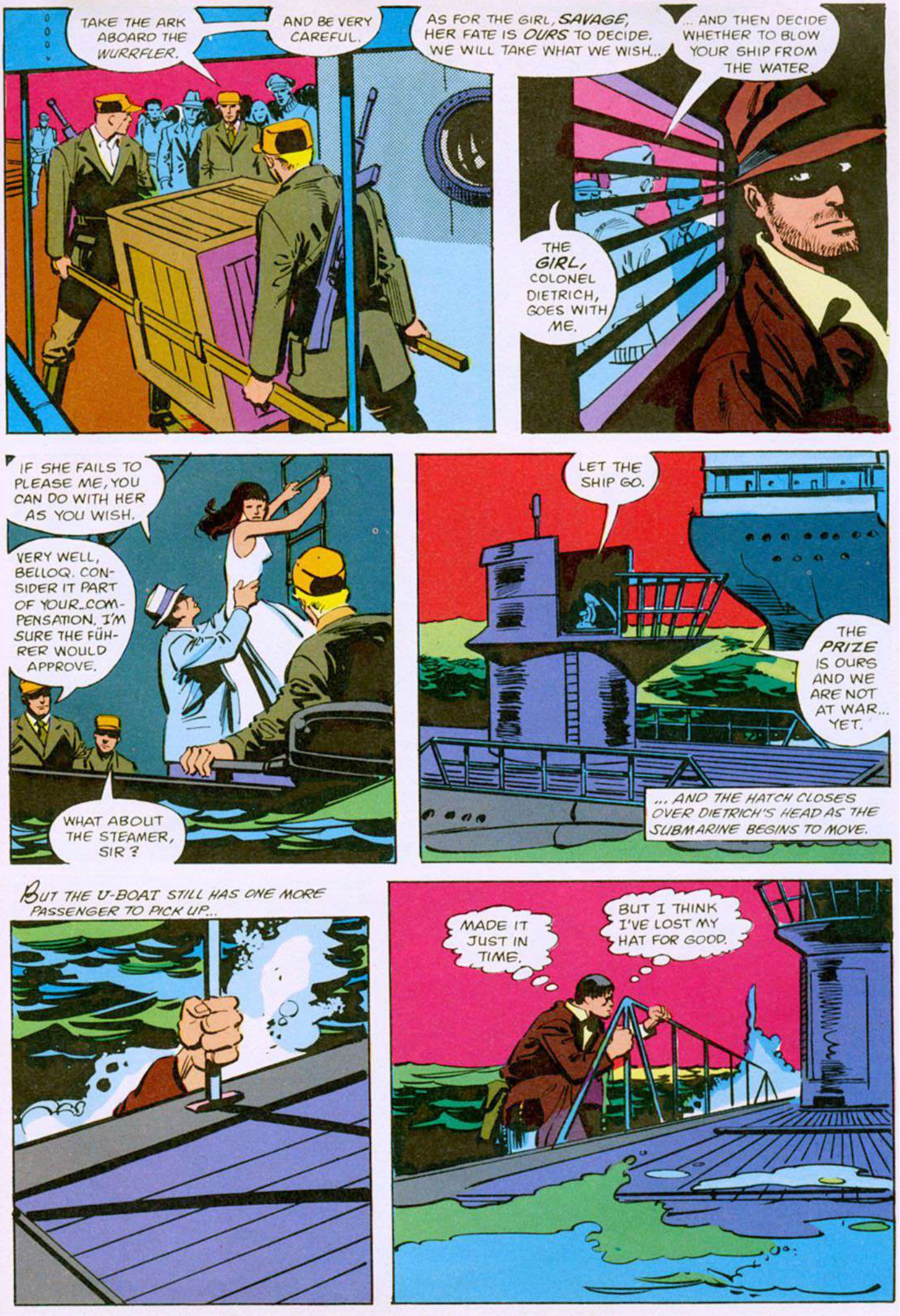
... AND THEY'VE GOT MARION!
LET GO OF ME, YOU BUMS!

SEARCH OUT THE CREW! MACH SCHNELL
THEY HAVEN'T SPOTTED ME YET. BUT IF I DON'T FIND SOMEWHERE TO HIDE FAST, IT'LL BE TOO LATE!

MY MEN REPORT THAT THE ARK IS ABOARD AND SAFELY CRATED.
WHAT ABOUT JONES?

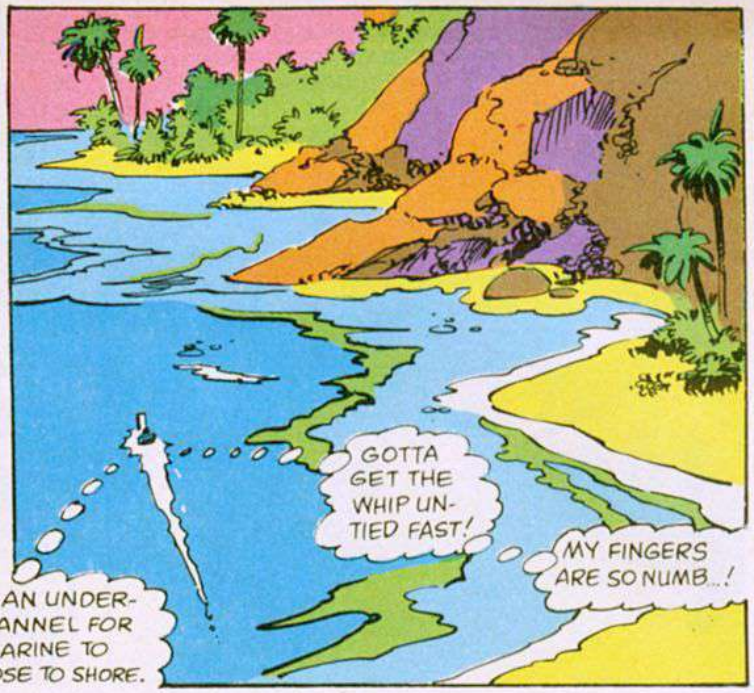
NOT A TRACE YET, SIR. ONLY THE GIRL.
JONES IS DEAD.
DEAD?

HARD TO BELIEVE, CAPTAIN.
WE KILLED HIM. HE WAS OF NO USE TO US. THE GIRL, HOWEVER, WILL BRING A GOOD PRICE WHERE WE ARE HEADED.
SINCE YOU'VE TAKEN OUR CARGO, IT WOULD REDUCE OUR LOSS IF YOU LEAVE HER BEHIND.


TAKE THE ARK ABOARD THE WURRFLER.
AND BE VERY CAREFUL.
AS FOR THE GIRL, SAVAGE, HER FATE IS OURS TO DECIDE. WE WILL TAKE WHAT WE WISH...
... AND THEN DECIDE WHETHER TO BLOW YOUR SHIP FROM THE WATER.
THE GIRL, COLONEL DIETRICH, GOES WITH ME.
IF SHE FAILS TO PLEASE ME, YOU CAN DO WITH HER AS YOU WISH.
VERY WELL, BELLOQ. CONSIDER IT PART OF YOUR COMPENSATION. I'M SURE THE FÜHRER WOULD APPROVE.
WHAT ABOUT THE STEAMER, SIR?
LET THE SHIP GO.
THE PRIZE IS OURS AND WE ARE NOT AT WAR... YET.
... AND THE HATCH CLOSES OVER DIETRICH'S HEAD AS THE SUBMARINE BEGINS TO MOVE.
BUT THE U-BOAT STILL HAS ONE MORE PASSENGER TO PICK UP...
MADE IT JUST IN TIME.
BUT I THINK I'VE LOST MY HAT FOR GOOD.

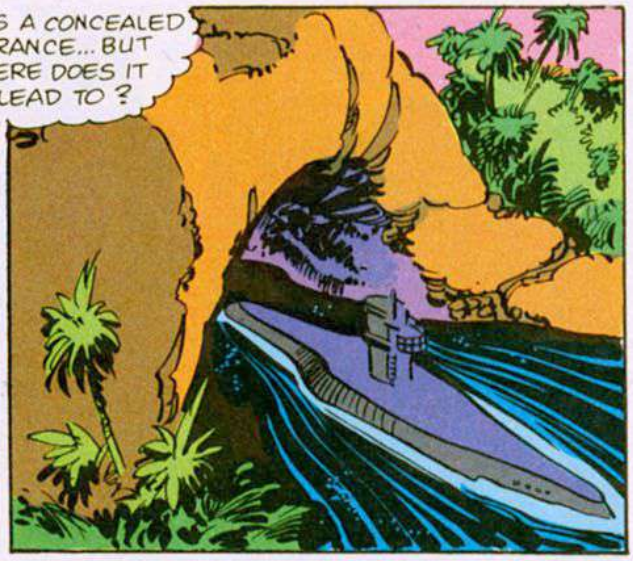
UH-OH! SHE'S BEGINNING TO SUBMERGE!
I WONDER IF THIS WAS SUCH A GOOD IDEA.
WATER'S OVER THE MAIN HATCH ALREADY.
PERISCOPE'S MY ONLY CHANCE...
... BUT IF THEY KEEP DIVING, I'LL HAVE A LONG SWIM HOME!
MANY ANXIOUS MOMENTS LATER...
SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE GOING ANY DEEPER...
... BUT I CAN'T HOLD ON FOR LONG AT THIS SPEED!
GOTTA USE MY WHIP!
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LASH MYSELF TO THE 'SCOPE AND KEEP MY HEAD ABOVE WATER.
THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE AS BAD AS I FEARED...
TIME PASSES...
IT'S WORSE!
THE WHIP'S CUTTING ME TO RIBBONS!
WAS THAT A SHARK FIN?
... AND PASSES...
ZZZZZZZZZZ
... AND PASSES...
ZZZ... HUH?
IT'S MORNING... AT LAST...

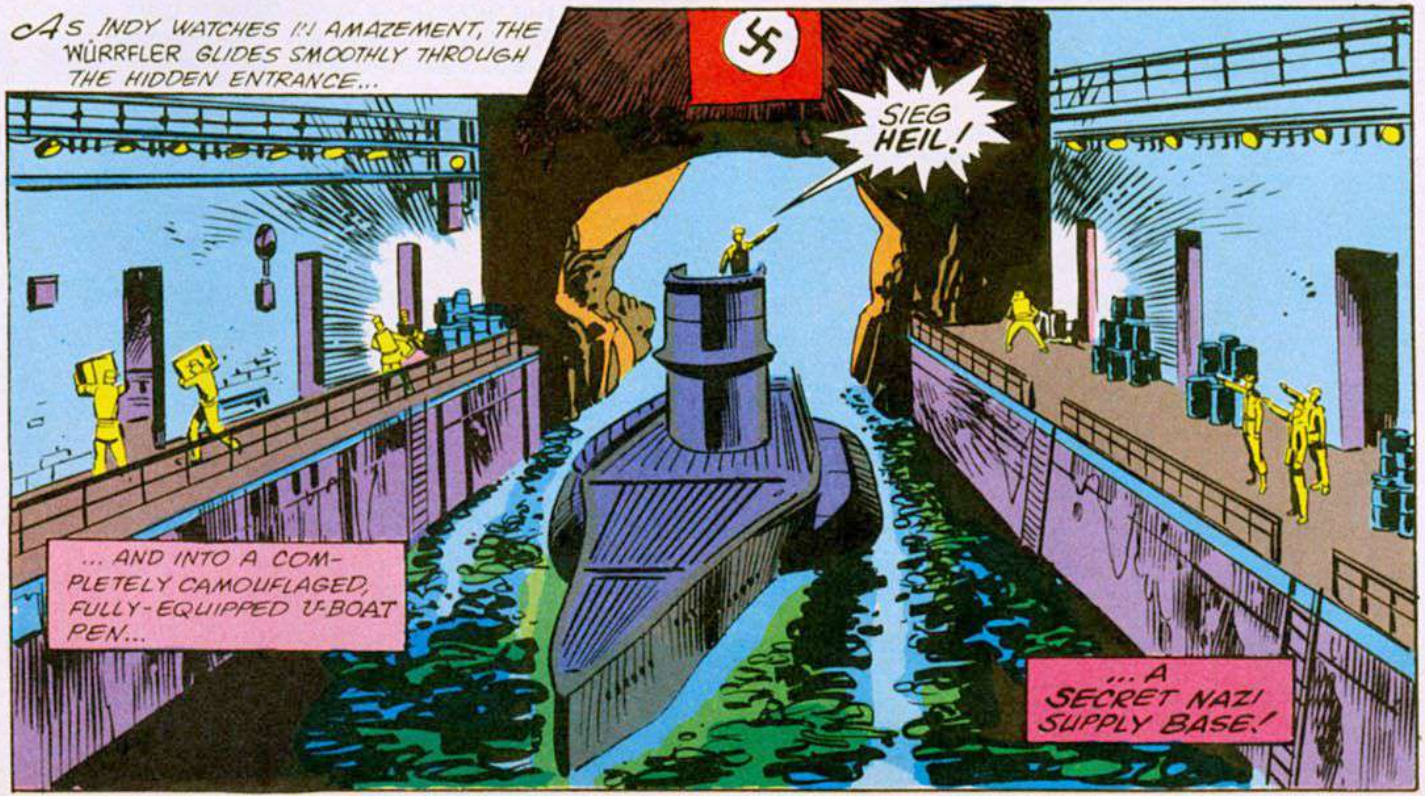
AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'VE FINALLY ARRIVED.
THE SUB'S GOING DOWN...


GOTTA GET THE WHIP UN-TIED FAST!
MY FINGERS ARE SO NUMB...!
MUST BE AN UNDER-WATER CHANNEL FOR THE SUBMARINE TO GET SO CLOSE TO SHORE.

THAT DID IT!
BUT THE SUB'S TURNING TOWARD SHORE.
ARE THEY GOING TO GROUND HER?

HOLY...!

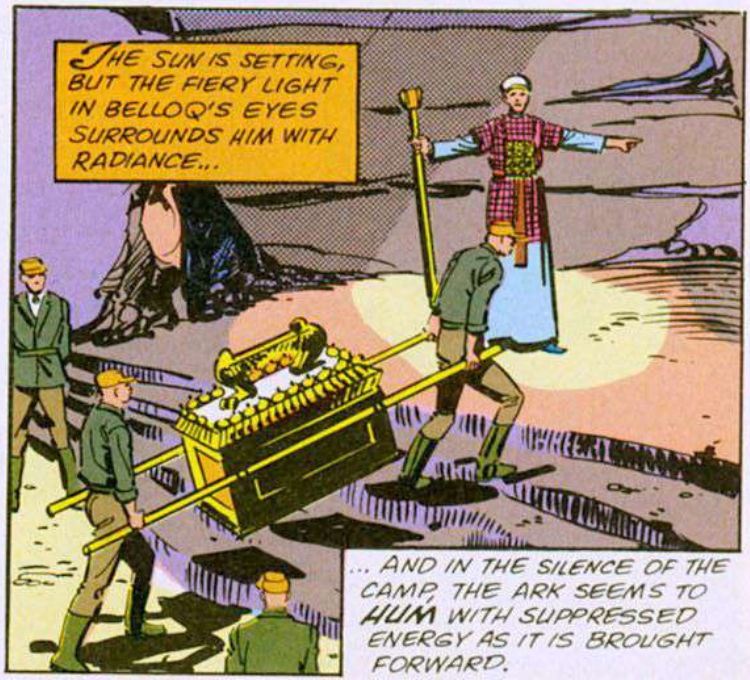

IT'S A CONCEALED ENTRANCE... BUT WHERE DOES IT LEAD TO?


AS INDY WATCHES IN AMAZEMENT, THE WÜRRFLER GLIDES SMOOTHLY THROUGH THE HIDDEN ENTRANCE...
SIEG HEIL!
... AND INTO A COMPLETELY CAMOUFLAGED, FULLY-EQUIPPED U-BOAT PEN...
... A SECRET NAZI SUPPLY BASE!

AS THE CRATE CARRYING THE ARK IS OFF-LOADED..
WE RADIOED AHEAD. THE ALTAR IS BEING PREPARED IN ACCORDANCE WITH YOUR INSTRUCTIONS.
EXCELLENT, COLONEL DIETRICH.
HAVE THE ARK BROUGHT UP WHEN THE ALTAR IS READY.
AND THE GIRL...?

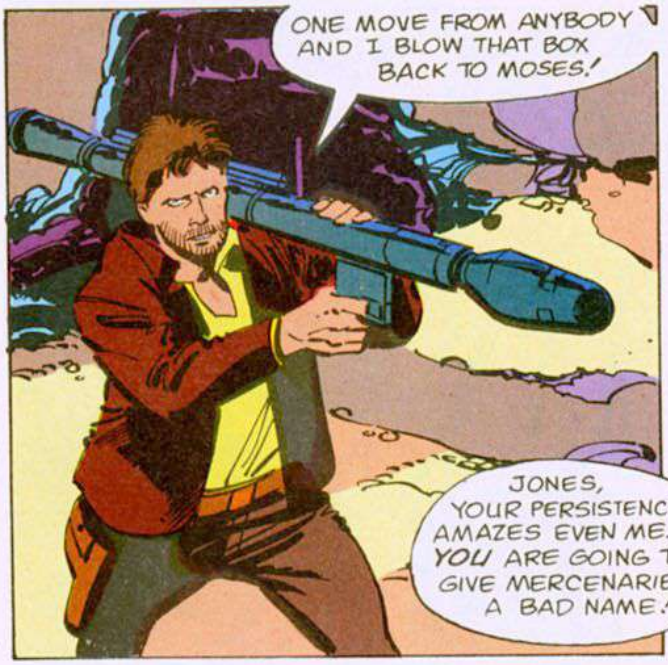
LOOKS AS THOUGH I MAY BE JUST IN TIME.
I SAID IF SHE FAILED TO PLEASE ME, YOU COULD DO WITH HER WHAT YOU WISH.
SHE IS YOURS
VERY WELL.
NOW I MUST PREPARE MYSELF.
LET ME ASK YOU THIS, COLONEL.
WOULD YOU RATHER OPEN THE ARK IN BERLIN-- FOR THE FÜHRER--AND LEARN, ONLY THEN, IF THE SACRED PIECES OF THE COVENANT ARE INSIDE?
I AM UNCOMFORTABLE WITH THE THOUGH OF THIS-- JEWISH RITUAL. ARE YOU SURE IT'S NECESSARY?
DIETRICH SCOWLS AND SAYS NOTHING.

TEN MINUTES LATER, BELLOQ EMERGES FROM THE TENT...
...TRANSFORMED!
NOW, COLONEL DIETRICH. HAVE THE ARK PLACED UPON THE ALTAR.
ALL... IS READY.


THE SUN IS SETTING, BUT THE FIERY LIGHT IN BELLOQ'S EYES SURROUNDS HIM WITH RADIANCE...
... AND IN THE SILENCE OF THE CAMP, THE ARK SEEMS TO HUM WITH SUPPRESSED ENERGY AS IT IS BROUGHT FORWARD.

ACTIVITY IN THE CAMP CEASES, AS THE SOLDIERS ARE DRAWN IRRESISTIBLE TOWARD THE ALTAR TO WITNESS THE STRANGE RITUAL UNFOLDING BEFORE THEM.
BELLOQ RAISES HIS ARMS ABOVE THE ARK AND BEGINS AN INVOCATION...

UNEASY MURMERS OF "JUDEN" PASS AMONG THE GERMANS, BUT EVEN AS THE HUM SURROUNDING THE ARK SEEMS TO GROW LOUDER...
HOLD IT!

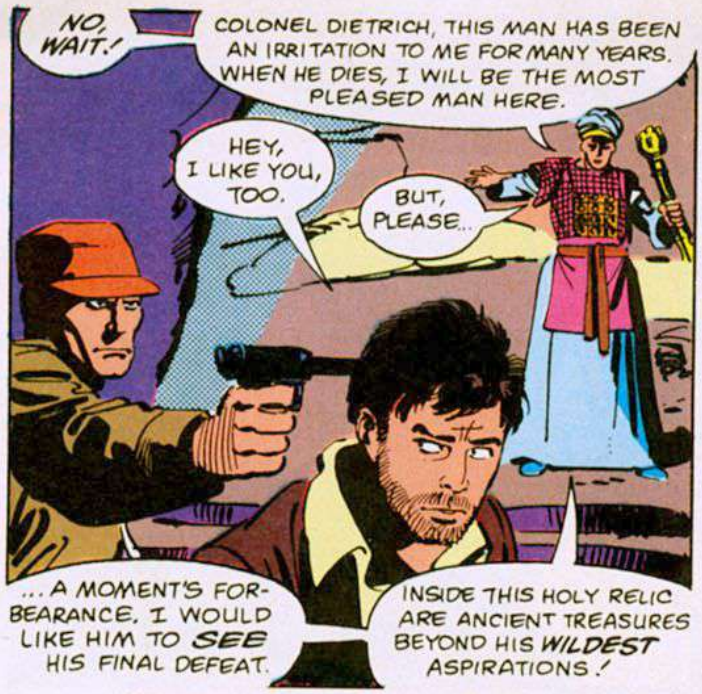

ONE MOVE FROM ANYBODY AND I BLOW THAT BOX BACK TO MOSES!
JONES, YOUR PERSISTENCE AMAZES EVEN ME. YOU ARE GOING TO GIVE MERCENARIES A BAD NAME!

DOCTOR JONES, SURELY YOU DON'T THINK YOU CAN ESCAPE FROM THIS ISLAND.
THAT DEPENDS ON HOW REASONABLE WE'RE ALL GOING TO BE!

ALL I WANT IS THE GIRL!
WE'LL HOLD THE ARK TILL WE'VE GOT SAFE TRANSPORT TO ENGLAND.
REFUSE AND WE'LL ALL GO UP IN A BIG BANG!

YOU'VE GOT FIVE SECONDS TO--
URK!
GRAB HIM!

JONES, THIS IS THE SECOND TIME I HAVE SEEN YOU LOOKING VERY FOOLISH.
I'M TRYING TO BREAK THE HABIT.
I'LL HELP YOU... PERSONALLY.


NO, WAIT.!
COLONEL DIETRICH, THIS MAN HAS BEEN AN IRRITATION TO ME FOR MANY YEARS. WHEN HE DIES, I WILL BE THE MOST PLEASED MAN HERE.
HEY, I LIKE YOU, TOO.
BUT, PLEASE...
... A MOMENT'S FORBEARANCE, I WOULD LIKE HIM TO SEE HIS FINAL DEFEAT.
INSIDE THIS HOLY RELIC ARE ANCIENT TREASURES BEYOND HIS WILDEST ASPIRATIONS.!

I ASK THAT HE BE BOUND SO THAT WHEN I OPEN THE ARK AT LAST AND REVEAL ITS CONTENTS, THEY WILL BE HIDDEN FROM HIS VIEW! AT THAT MOMENT... KILL HIM.!
DO ME A FAVOR AND KILL ME NOW.!
THE PURITY OF YOUR HATRED, GENTLEMEN, IS AN INSPIRATION TO US ALL.
TIE HIM UP.!

OH, INDY. I'M SO AFRAID.
ME, TOO. THERE'S NEVER BEEN A BETTER TIME FOR IT.!
INDY, I DO LOVE YOU.
I WANT YOU TO KNOW.!
AND I LOVE YOU.

AGAIN, BELLOQ TAKES HIS PLACE BEFORE THE ARK AND BEGINS HIS INVOCATION.
AGAIN, THE HUM EMANATING FROM THE ARK FILLS THE SILENCE AROUND THE CAMP...

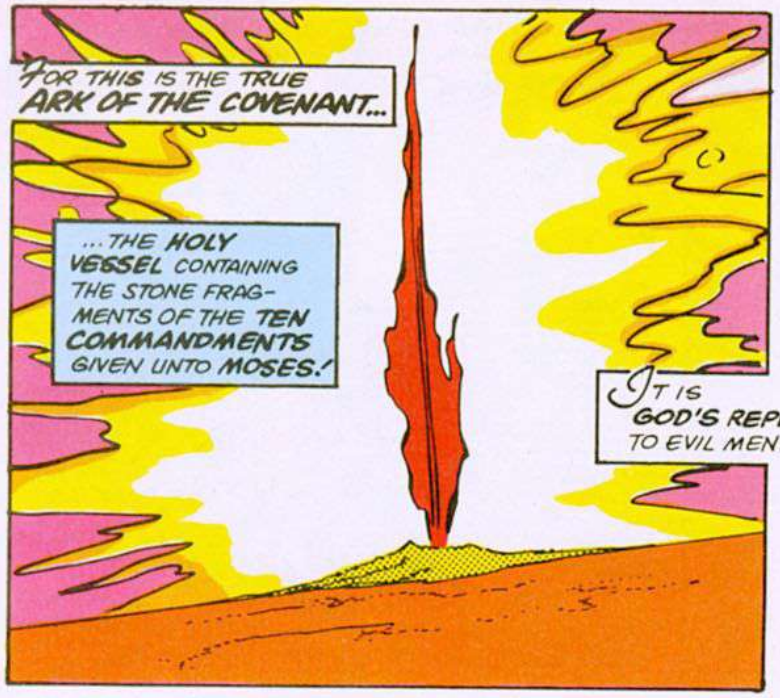
AND AGAIN, THE GERMANS FIND THEMSELVES IRRESISTIBLY DRAWN TO WATCH THE SPECTACLE BEFORE THEM.
BUT THIS TIME THERE ARE NO INTERRUPTIONS.

INDY, THE GLOW... THE SOUND...IT'S PULLING AT ME. I... I CAN'T LOOK AWAY.!
MARION, STOP.!

THE DESPERATE CRY REACHES HER THROUGH THE SIREN CALL AND SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, MARION TURNS HER HEAD AWAY AND CLOSES HER EYES!

EVERYONE ELSE STANDS RIVETED AS THE LID OF THE ARK SUDDENLY FLIES OPEN...

... AND THE NIGHT COMES ALIVE WITH A POWER THAT IS TERRIBLE TO BEHOLD!

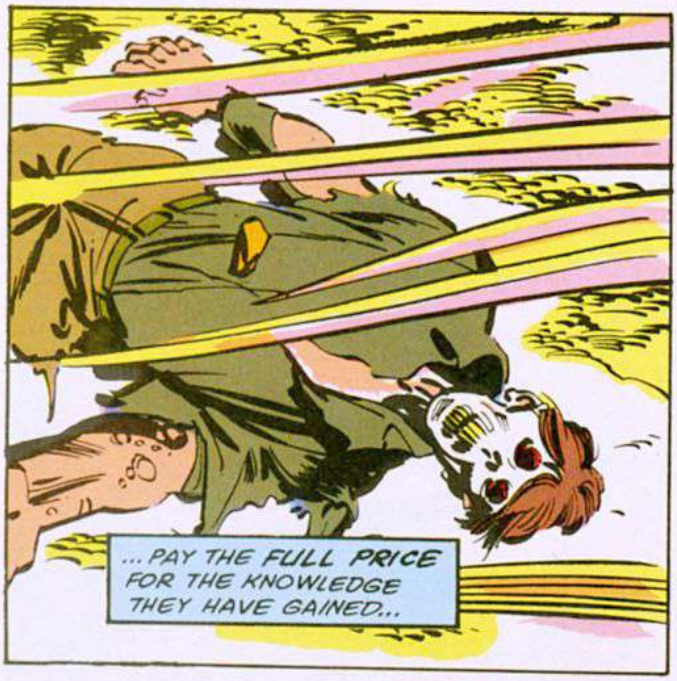

FOR THIS IS THE TRUE ARK OF THE COVENANT...
...THE HOLY VESSEL CONTAINING THE STONE FRAGMENTS OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS GIVEN UNTO MOSES!
IT IS GOD'S REPLY... TO EVIL MEN!

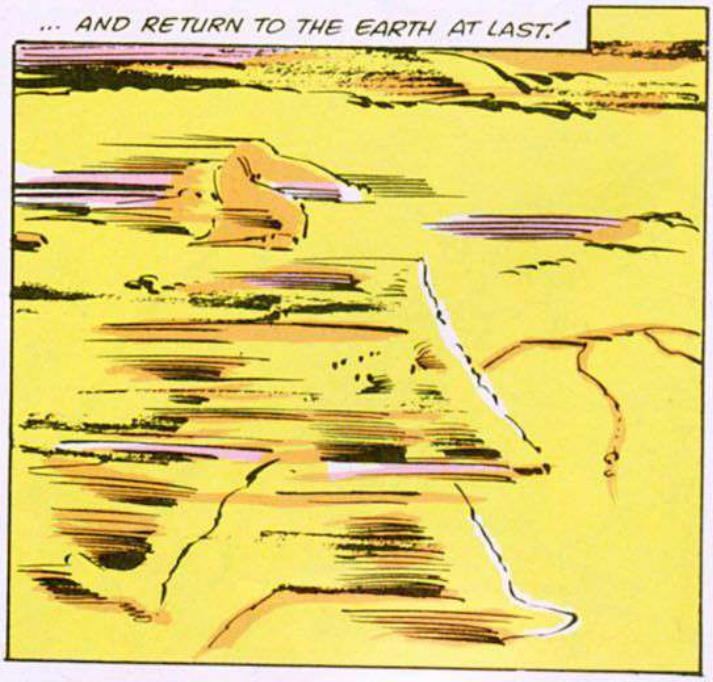
BELLOQ TAKES THE FULL BRUNT OF THE UNLEASHED FURY!
HIS EYES BURN WITH REVELATION...

... AS THOUGH HE HAS EXPERIENCED SOME KIND OF TRANSCENDENTAL KNOWLEDGE!

IT IS THE LAST THING HE WILL EVER KNOW.

THE ISLAND SHAKES BENEATH THE GROWING HOLOCAUST...
... AND ALL WHO HAVE SEEN THE ARK AND ITS REVELATION...

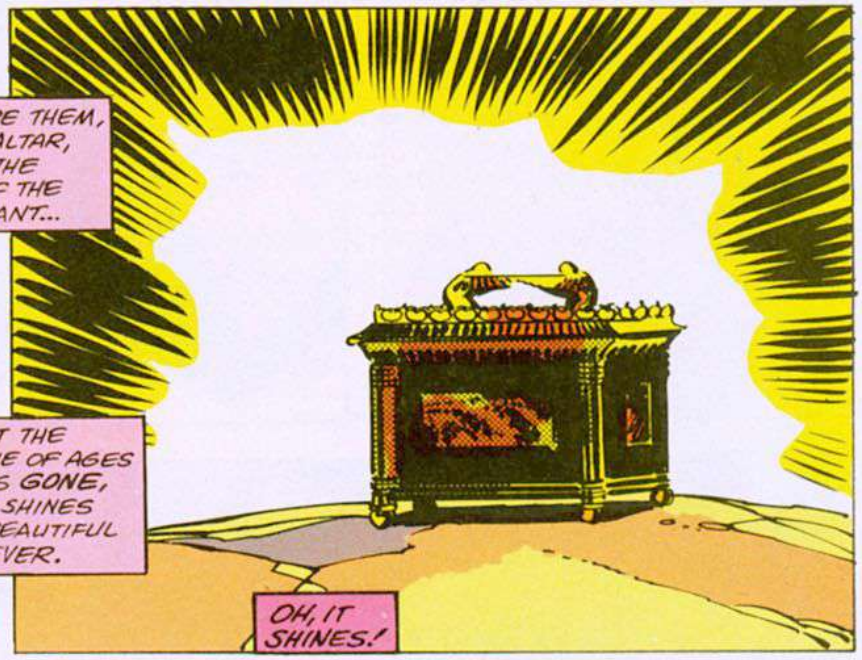

... PAY THE FULL PRICE FOR THE KNOWLEDGE THEY HAVE GAINED...


... AND RETURN TO THE EARTH AT LAST!

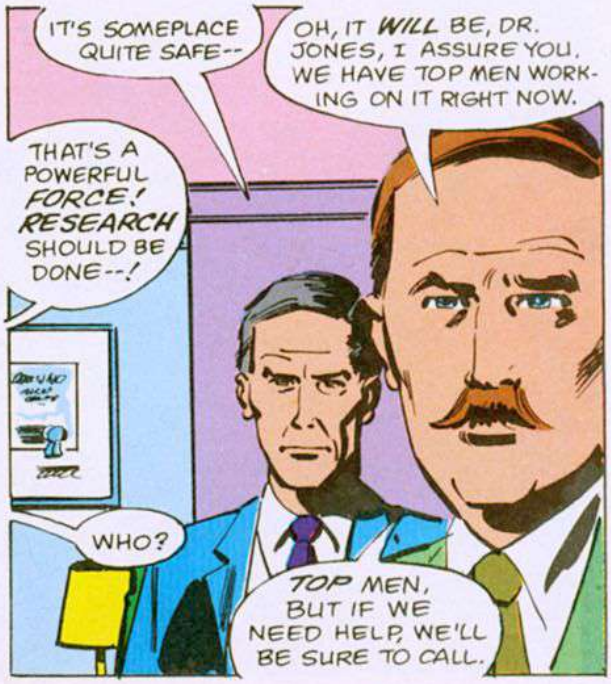
SUDDENLY... IT IS OVER...

THE ENTIRE ISLAND IS SCORCHED AND BLASTED BUT FOR THE GROUND ABOUT THE LOVERS...

...AND THEY ARE FREE.

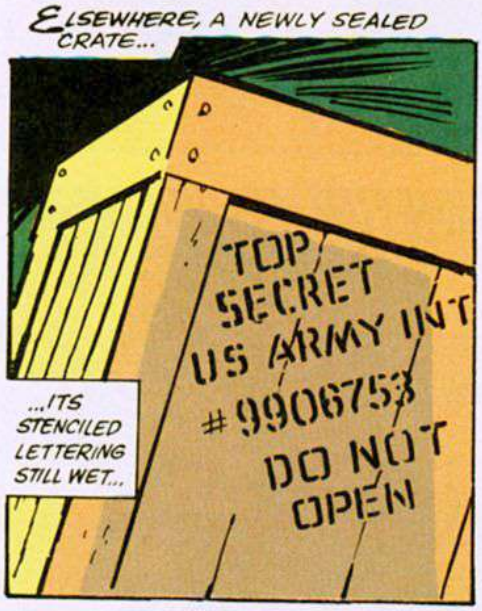

BEFORE THEM, ON THE ALTAR, RESTS THE ARK OF THE COVENANT...
... BUT THE RESIDUE OF AGES PAST IS GONE, AND IT SHINES MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER.
OH, IT SHINES!

SOMETIME LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF COLONEL MUSGROVE OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON, D.C....
YOU'VE DONE YOUR COUNTRY A GREAT SERVICE, DR. JONES...
... AND WE TRUST YOU FOUND THE SETTLEMENT SATISFACTORY?
QUITE, BUT I'D STILL LIKE TO KNOW WHEN THE ARK WILL BE TRANSFERRED TO THE MUSEUM.
I THOUGHT WE'D ANSWERED THAT.

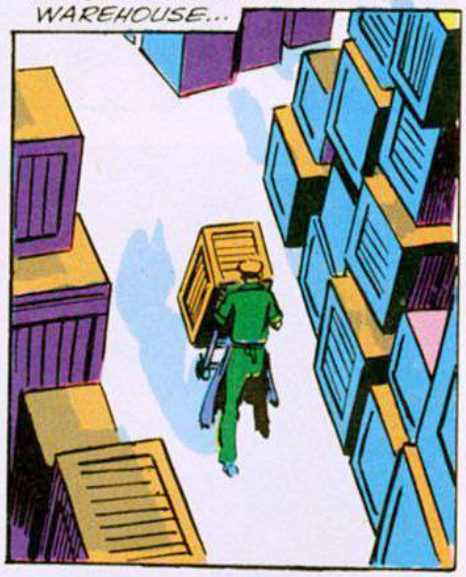

IT'S SOMEPLACE QUITE SAFE--
OH, IT WILL BE, DR. JONES, I ASSURE YOU. WE HAVE TOP MEN WORKING ON IT RIGHT NOW.
THAT'S A POWERFUL FORCE! RESEARCH SHOULD BE DONE--!
WHO?
TOP MEN, BUT IF WE NEED HELP, WE'LL BE SURE TO CALL.

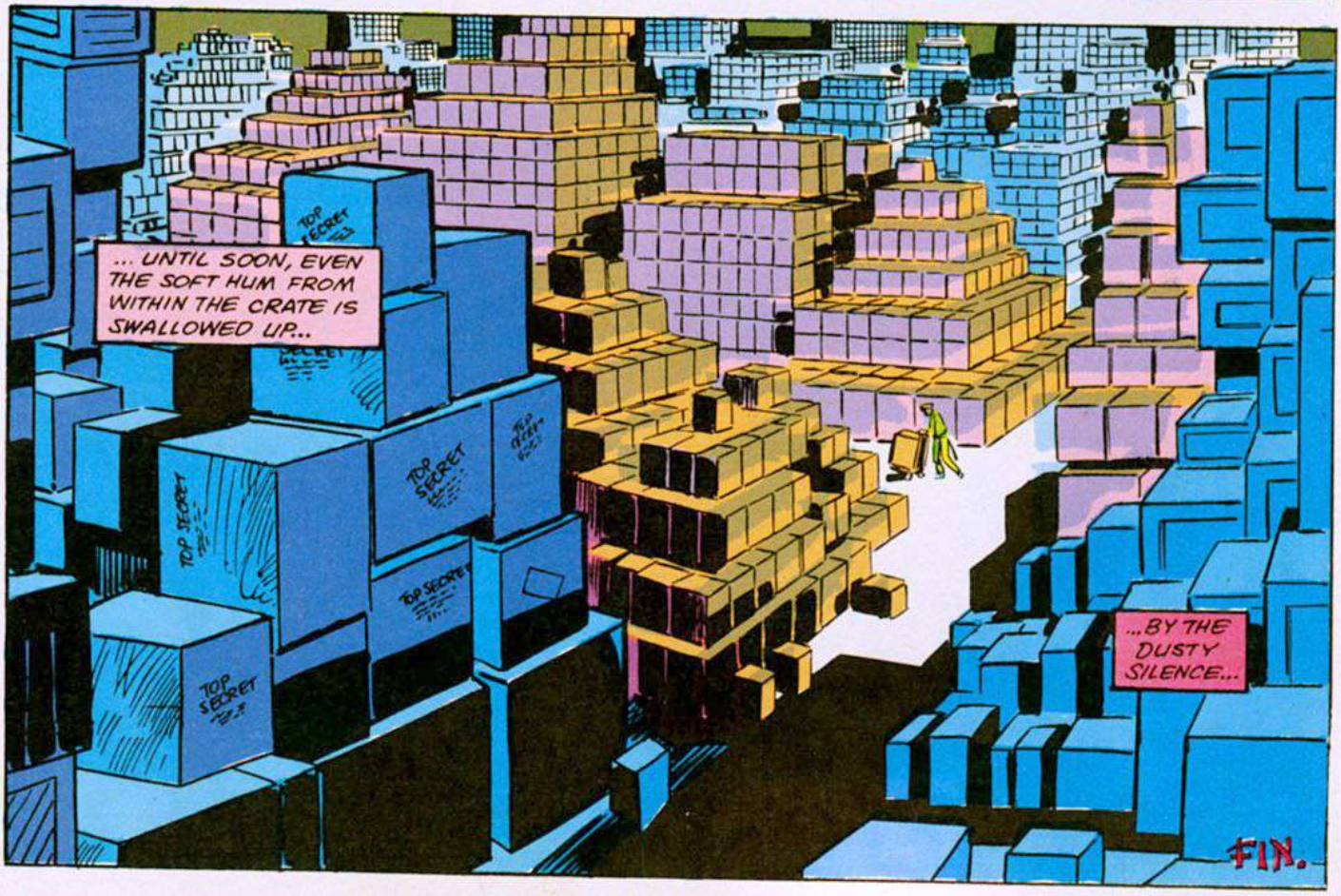
"WE'LL BE SURE TO CALL!"
"THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!"
"TOP MEN!"
BALONEY!
WELL, THEY AREN'T GOING TO TELL YOU.
AND, ANYWAY, I'D THINK YOU'D HAD ENOUGH OF THAT LOUSY ARK!
WHY DON'T YOU FORGET IT?

YEAH? HOW?
STICK WITH ME, PAL. I'M SURE WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING.
WELL,.. IT'S NOT THE ARK, BUT IT'LL DO.


ELSEWHERE, A NEWLY SEALED CRATE...
TOP SECRET
US ARMY INT
#9906753
DO NOT OPEN
...ITS STENCILED LETTERING STILL WET...

... IS LIFTED ONTO A DOLLY...

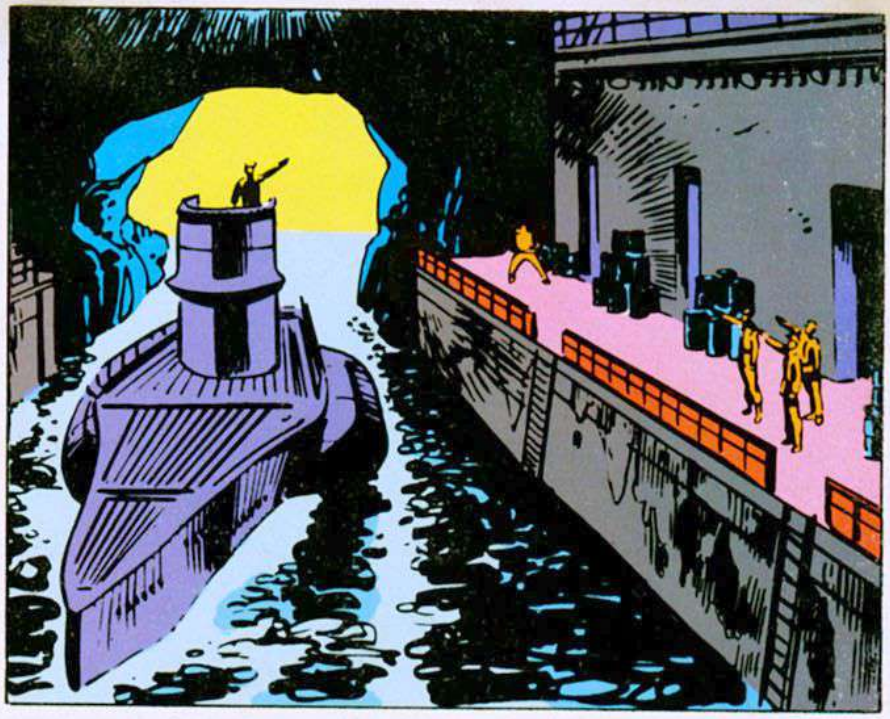
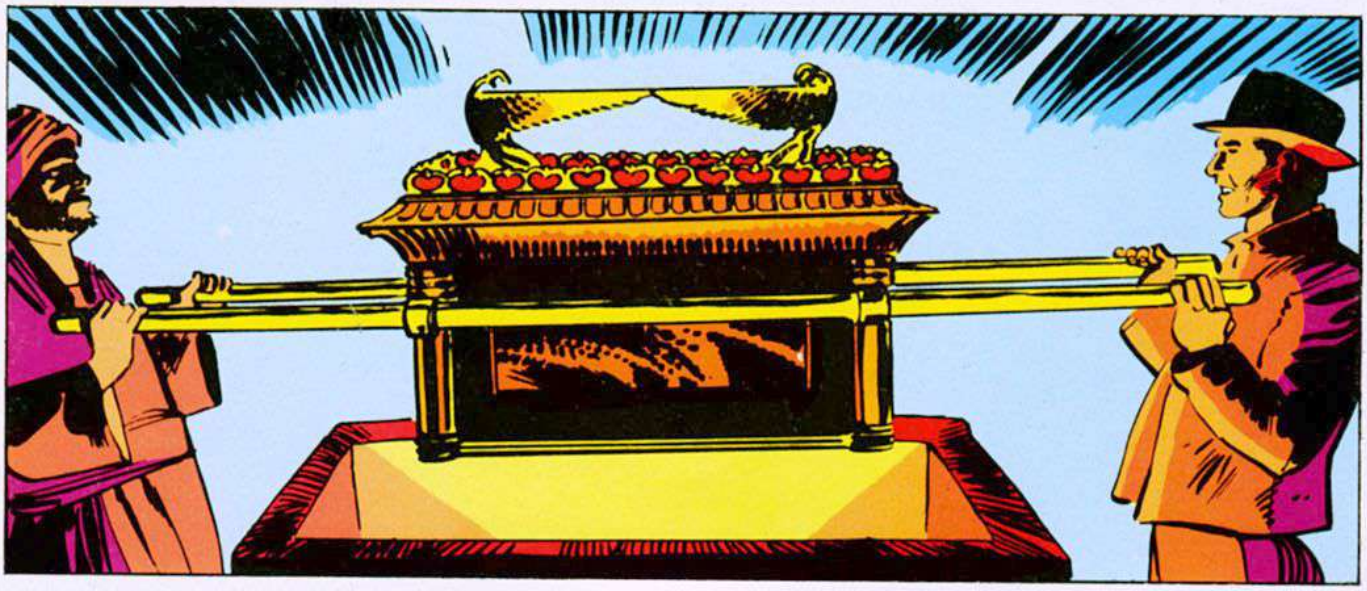

... AND QUIETLY ROLLED DOWN THE ENDLESS AISLES OF A VAST WAREHOUSE...


... UNTIL SOON, EVEN THE SOFT HUM FROM WITHIN THE CRATE IS SWALLOWED UP..
...BY THE DUSTY SILENCE...
FIN.

CAST

Indy	HARRISON FORD
Marion	KAREN ALLEN
Dietrich	WOLF KAHLER
Belloq	PAUL FREEMAN
Toht	RONALD LACEY
Sallah	JOHN RHYS-DAVIES
Brody	DENHOLM ELLIOTT
Gobler	ANTHONY HIGGINS
Satipo	ALFRED MOLINA
Barranca	VIC TABLIAN
Col. Musgrove	DON FELLOWS
Major Eaton	WILLIAM HOOTKINS
Bureaucrat	BILL REIMBOLD
Jock	FRED SORENSON
Australian Climber	PATRICK DURKIN
2nd Nazi	MATTHEW SCURFIELD
Ratty Nepalese	MALCOM WEAVER
Mean Mongolian	SONNY CALDINEZ
Mohan	ANTHONY CHINN
Giant Sherpa	PAT ROACH
Otto	CHRISTOPHER FREDERICK
Imam	TUTTE LEMKOW
Omar	ISHAQ BUX
Abu	KIRAN SHAH
Fayah	SOUAD MESSAOUDI
Monkey Man	VIC TABLIAN
Arab Swordsman	TERRY RICHARDS
1st Mechanic	PAT ROACH
German Agent	STEVE HANSON
Pilot	FRANK MARSHALL
Young Soldier	MARTIN KREIDT
Katanga	GEORGE HARRIS
Messenger Pirate	EDDIE TAGOE
Sergeant	JOHN REES
Tall Captain	TONY VOGEL
Peruvian Porter	TED GROSSMAN

PRODUCTION STAFF

Directed by STEVEN SPIELBERG
Produced by FRANK MARSHALL
Screenplay by LAWRENCE KASDAN
Story by GEORGE LUCAS and PHILIP KAUFMAN
Executive Producers GEORGE LUCAS, HOWARD KAZANJIAN
Music JOHN WILLIAMS
Editor MICHAEL KAHN, A.C.E.
Associate Producer ROBERT WATTS
Director of Photography DOUGLAS SLOCOMBE
Production Design NORMAN REYNOLDS

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